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# THE CRESSET

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS AND CURRENT AFFAIRS



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# THE CRESSET

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## *IN THE OCTOBER CRESSET:*



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THE CRESSET

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# Notes and Comment

BY THE EDITORS

## Adding up the Score

Two years ago this month, on October 24, 1945, Mr. James F. Byrnes, American Secretary of State at that time, announced that since the requisite number of nations had signed the charter of UN, the United Nations was now officially in existence.

Adding up the runs, hits, and errors after two years, surely no one can be completely satisfied with UN's performance. It has not prevailed upon all nations to settle their disputes amicably, it has not dispensed with power politics, it has not appreciably limited national sovereignty.

Particularly disconcerting has been the application of Article 27 of the charter, specifying that decisions of the UN Security Council on other than procedural matters "shall be made by an affirmative vote of seven members including the concurring votes of the permanent members." At the present writing, the USSR has chosen not to concur a total of twenty times.

From this circumstance it seems clear to many that the chief deterrent to world peace and to the success of UN is the Soviet Union. They point to the refusal of Mr. Gromyko, the Soviet representative on the Security Council, to cooperate in many matters whose importance is clear to anyone—or, at least, to any American. Nor has it escaped their attention that Soviet Russia has cultivated the support of nations touching on her borders—the usual word is "satellites"—in questions brought up for consideration by the United Nations.

Such an explanation of UN's

problems seems hardly adequate. Granting all these points, is it accurate to shift the whole onus to the USSR and to assume that none of these charges could be brought with equal justice against the Western powers, specifically the United States?

Despite all pretty phrases, the "Truman doctrine" did flout UN. For that matter, would any American Congress, and especially the eightieth, play along with any international organization in which the power to veto was denied us? Wouldn't we be particularly jealous of this right if we were outnumbered in UN and did not have the assured support of an almost solid South America and Central America? Certainly the people and government of the United States have been as suspicious of the motives and methods of the Soviet Union as the Soviets have been of ours; it seems a little naive to maintain that we are justified in our suspicions, while their suspicions of the country which holds the atomic bomb are vain and foolish.

A more accurate estimate of the situation, it would seem to us, should come to the conclusion that we are all under the same condemnation. All nations, including the United States, have sought their own interests and have often been quite undisturbed by the methods employed to serve those interests.

Two years after the close of the war and the ratification of the UN charter, the nations of the world are at it again as though World War II had meant nothing, destined, as Frederick L. Schuman has put it, "to play the game of tomorrow by the rules of yesterday," and flirting with the idea of war as though it were a sandlot baseball game.

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the world with more fervent participation in the life of society, by vigorous denunciation of what is wrong regardless of who is responsible, by a militant insistence upon loyalty to the United Nations as mankind's only hope.

May the anniversary of the birth of the United Nations, then, serve as a call to repentance, national humility, and prayer to the Lord of nations that despite our many transgressions He may yet deign to grant peace to us and to our children.

## The Russians Are Learning

THE Soviet Union is having its troubles. It is reported that soldiers of the Red Army who have had a taste of life in countries outside the borders of the USSR are reluctant to return to

their native land. Many of Stalin's fighters have learned by way of surprising and pleasant experience that pastures on the other side of the fence are far greener than those inside the Soviet Union. They have discovered that communism is not, and cannot be, what the Kremlin would have them believe it to be.

Will the returning Russian warriors be able to bring about a change in their own land? They are seemingly powerless over against the spying and the bullets of the N.K.V.D.; but let no one conclude that their disillusionment will not be fruitful in the long run. A word or two whispered furtively here and there will, in the final analysis, do much to discredit the utterly false doctrines and promises of communism. One may rest assured that there is much dissatisfaction in the Soviet Union today. Naturally, it is still expressed in secret; but some day it will be infinitely more powerful than the great police state itself.

One of the most effective of all the many arguments against communism and its strange ways was recently advanced by Bertrand Russell. Speaking in England to the National Book League on "Philosophy and Politics," Lord Russell declared that

> democracy and empiricism (which are intimately connected) do not demand a distortion of facts in the interests of theory. Russia and Canada, which have somewhat similar climatic conditions, are both interested in obtaining better breeds of wheat; in Canada this aim is pursued experimentally, in Russia by interpreting the Marxist scriptures.

Like many of Bertrand Russell's judgments, this is an extreme oversimplification; it does, however, point up the inconsistencies involved in much of Soviet politics and economics.

## Alarming Optimism

THE chairman of our nation's Atomic Energy Commission, David E. Lilienthal, wants us to abandon fear of atomic energy. He maintains that too many scare stories are circulating. He sees great possibilities for atomic power to effect a general expansion of industry.

The horror created by the two atomic bombs dropped on Japanese cities two years ago and the increasing unrest of our world make it difficult for thinking people to share Mr. Lilienthal's optimism. People should rather be made more conscious of the horror which the inevitable use of atomic bombs will bring upon the world in the next war.

If the American people and the peoples of the world will remain

fearful of atomic power, then its destructive potentialities are more likely to be kept in check. This point of view may be called pessimism. If, however, it will result in world caution and ultimate use of common sense, then let us by no means abandon it. Blind optimism breeds indifference and false security. The world must be kept awake and not rocked to sleep if catastrophe is to be avoided.

## Unpopular Books

Book clubs have been flourishing in our land. They have learned the fine art of popularizing their wares. We have wondered whether they could exist if they dealt in unpopular books. Maybe they could. For the benefit of others who have wondered, too, the Unpopular Book Club, sponsored by the University of California, offers every month "an abstruse and scholarly monograph" and minces no words in declaring that no subscriber, left to his own devices, would ever be likely to purchase such books. A prospectus issued by the club states:

> You may not receive many books in your own field of interest, if you have one. But all the selections will be big, respectable volumes; they will look well on your shelves or your library table. You will be spared the burden of selecting your own books, and if your life is already full, you may even be spared the reading of them; the editions will be limited only in their appeal.

Hearty felicitations to the Unpopular Book Club! May its subscribers be numerous, enthusiastic, and, above all, satisfied! May they get their money's worth! One cannot avoid wishing that some of the popular books could remain as unread as those which will grace the shelves of the members of the Unpopular Book Club.

## Sex Delinquency

The current increase of sex crimes is stirring the public. Civil authorities are seeking the assistance of sociologists, psychologists, educators, and churchmen to stem the rising tide of sex offenses. The mayor of Chicago has appointed a panel of experts to counsel with him in the face of this critical social problem.

The members of the advisory group have offered various suggestions. They believe that all sex offenders should be carefully studied in order to determine the cause of their behavior. They favor a state institution for housing these individuals. After offenders have been released, they should

be closely watched. Sex delinquency is to be regarded as an ailment which calls for diagnosis and cure.

Studies have shown that social phenomena do not have single causes. Sex delinquency especially is rooted in numerous social conditions—the home environment and a lack of parental guidance in matters of sex life; modern congested living conditions; questionable types and places of amusement. Studies show that many screen productions have given boys and girls their start on the downward path. The prudishness which characterized our society generations ago has now given way to an opposite extreme, and the availability of contraceptives has removed fear and encouraged premarital relationship even among teenagers. All these conditions are but samples of the catalog of causal factors which our modern culture provides.

It is encouraging to note that society recognizes the seriousness of the spreading sex delinquency. All efforts to stem the tide are highly commendable. There is, however, one preventive usually not recognized by the experts: God's prescription for changing the heart of man. When the fear and love of God actuate man's conduct, then our deteriorating social forces will be successfully encountered. Until such a time, however, we shall have to content ourselves with checking symptoms rather than curing the disease.

# The  PILGRIM

*"All the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."* PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

BY O. P. KRETZMANN

## October Morning

SUNDAY morning. . . . If I had written these words last night, they would not have been the same. . . . Saturday evening is the end of something; Sunday morning is a new beginning. . . . There are nights of the senses and the spirit when the body is weary and the mind is spent from too much doing of the things which seemingly must be done in order to keep one little corner of the world in some semblance of order. . . . Has anyone ever fully said what the printing press, the multiplication of paper, the typewriter, the telephone have done to us . . . to the mind that needs the strength of contemplation, the joy of patience and humility which can come only with folded hands? . . . to the soul that must have the occasional repose which is necessary for the divine light and the supreme wisdom . . . free to seek out God and Him alone . . . and find Him nearer than the telephone? . . .

These questions were worrying me last night. . . . It was a bleak October evening with clouds scurrying across the moon. . . . The week's labor, as far as I could see, had produced nothing. . . . But this morning things look different. . . . I went to the early service at our church . . . there was a good sermon about the happiness our Lord means when He says "Blessed," a quiet celebration of the Eucharist, a few prayers. . . . The light from the window above the altar fell warmly on young faces before the ageless mystery of the bread and wine . . . freed from the dust of earthly things, forgiven and unafraid. . . .

And so I came down to the deserted campus, still in the lull of Sunday morning. . . . There is a touch of rain in the air and the leaves from the trees beside the library lie restlessly on the paths worn by the feet of students these hurrying years. . . . The office is completely quiet . . . and so am I. . . . Once more I have seen the

grace of the life of God in the soul . . . the light along the Way, even though I can travel it but slowly and in recurring darkness . . . the lifting of the heart, silent and all-powerful, by a gentle and eternal hand. . . .

When I returned home, I was compelled to look for a book which I needed for a certain reference. . . . As happens so often I saw other books, not at all relevant to my immediate quest, which beckoned and called for a brief touch. . . . Idly I paged through my worn copy of "Marius the Epicurean," until I came to the famous passage which reflects Marius' thoughts after he had been at the house of Cecilia, the Christian. . . . It fits into this October morning in the twentieth century:

A few minutes later, passing forward on his way along the public road, he could have fancied it a dream. The house of Cecilia grouped itself beside that other curious house he had lately visited at Tusculum. And what a contrast was presented by the former, in its suggestions of hopeful industry, of immaculate cleanness, of responsive affection!—all alike determined by that transporting discovery of some fact, or series of facts, in which the old puzzle of life had found its solution. In truth, one of his most characteristic and constant traits had ever been a certain longing for escape—for some sudden, relieving interchange, across the very spaces of life, it might be, along which he had lingered most pleasantly—for a lifting, from time to time, of the actual horizon. It was like the necessity under which the painter finds himself, to set a window or open doorway in the background of his picture; or like a sick man's longing for northern coolness, and the whispering willow-trees, amid the breathless evergreen forests of the south. To some such effect had this visit occurred to him, and through so slight an accident. Rome and Roman life, just then, were come to seem like some stifling forest of bronze-work, transformed, as if by malign enchantment, out of the generations of living trees, yet with roots in a deep, down-trodden soil of poignant human susceptibilities. In the midst of its suffocation, that old longing for escape had been satisfied by this vision of the church in Cecilia's house, as never before. It was still, indeed, according to the unchangeable law of his temperament, to the eye, to the visual faculty of mind, that those experiences appealed—the peaceful light and shade, the boys whose very faces seemed to sing, the virginal beauty of the mother and her children. But, in his case, what was thus visible constituted a moral or spiritual influence, of a somewhat exigent and controlling character, added anew to life, a new element therein, with which, consistently with his own chosen maxim, he must make terms.

"With which he must make terms." . . . Much of the task of our generation lies here. . . . There are things beyond our machines and our armies and our

bombs with which we must make terms. . . . Above all, God. . . . He will not wait forever nor can we forget much longer His great loneliness for our souls. . . . If we are now afraid and desolate, it is because we have not come to terms with Him. . . . Nor are His terms, even now in these wandering years, too hard and too high. . . . "My yoke is easy and my burden is light." . . . Almost a whisper now, after two thousand years, but still clear . . . still true . . . and still all of life caught in a single breath. . . .

## Footnotes for October

MY READING of contemporary journals during the past week has been cheered greatly by a charming little essay by Mr. Clarence B. Lund in *The Lutheran* under the title, "The Ghost Plays Late." Mr. Lund describes the irresistible pleasure of playing an organ in a great church late at night. . . . I imagine that some of my readers know what he means. . . . There is a strangeness about the sound of an organ after midnight which is without parallel in our hurried modern existence. . . . The world drops away, there is a touch of eternity in the stillness, and the shadows are eloquent with faith and hope. . . . Mr. Lund writes:

The street lights or—better yet—that of the moon playing in the colors and traceries of the stained glass gives the church the right setting for midnight recitals. One is likely to be able to see the altar, however vaguely. There is likelihood that the cross will stand out in the darkness. Plenty of light, we'd say.

There are also presences about you in the church with whom to commune as you play. There is of course the knowledge that God is listening. In many churches God is hardly disturbed by anyone throughout the week, there not being anyone present except for that crowded one hour on Sunday. So God is likely present, and blesses the musician who plays for Him (and himself) alone in the night.

The windows and the cross and whatever else might possibly glow in the darkness furnish some other personalities to whom the organist can pay some attention. The cross itself is more than a subtle reminder at that time of night. It was in worse darkness than this that Christ was lifted up and that He died in love. (Wonder why Bach's "Jesu Joy of Man's Desiring" began to flow from under these fingers just then?)

In a window I see the Virgin Mary among the Christmas worshipers. ("Von Himmel Hoch" rings through the night, the pipes anxiously contribute their voices, eccentric and otherwise.) Peter and Paul are here and for some reason or other that dark corner over there, I think, could be Macedonia crying for help (so why not "O Zion Haste Thy Mission" for a few moments, with variations of course).

So I play an old masterwork again and the congregation that worships here week after week crowds in upon me. Their hard-worn hands and their searching eyes are here with me this night. Yet it is to their ears and hearts that I am ministering. I think, Surely when they hear what Bach or Buxtehude or Franck said to God in their music, they will know better what to say. And surely when they hear what God told them to write down for the organist they will be prepared to listen with greater assurance and confidence.

## Second Footnote . . . In Sharp Contrast . . .

IN LEISURE moments I have been reading the remarkable book, *Education and World Tragedy,* by Howard Mumford Jones. . . . It is a scathing indictment of the failure of our educational system to meet the anxious problems of our world. . . . In the first chapter Mr. Jones points out that more men, women and children have died by violence in our century than in any other period in the history of humanity. . . . He continues:

These dead are at peace. Unnumbered thousands of human beings live on in a world-wide condition of famine. Unnumbered thousands of human beings whose lives have been wrecked by war or starvation or despair or disease still exist. Regarding the long range results of war upon our lives Professor Wright tells us: "Closely related to the racial *(i.e.,* human) cost of war but . . . less susceptible to objective measurement are the social and cultural costs of war in the deterioration of standards. Wars of large magnitude have been followed by anti-intellectual movements in art, literature, and philosophy; by waves of crime, sexual license, suicide, venereal disease, delinquent youth; by class, racial and religious intolerance, persecution, refugees, social and political revolution; by abandonment of orderly processes for settling disputes and changing law; and by a decline in respect for international law and treaties."

## Last Footnote . . .

THE rain has stopped, the clouds have disappeared into the north, and the sun rests on the campus. . . . It will be a good afternoon for a long walk in the country . . . the brown fields . . . the trees already scarlet and still green, the south wind in the pines at the cemetery . . . altogether, a good day and a good Sunday . . . and since it is October everywhere and the sun is mild, there is no reason why I, nor anyone else, should hold his hands over his eyes to shield them from the sun. . . .

*Some neglected facts*

# The Church Against Hitler

*By* ERIK W. MODEAN

BACK in 1930-31, a quiet, friendly German youth named Dietrich Bonhoeffer pursued graduate studies at Union Theological Seminary in New York City. Fellow students saw nothing unusual about him. Nothing, certainly, to suggest that he was destined to die a martyr's death for his part in the various attempts to kill Hitler.

Even in 1939, when he returned to the United States as a lecturer, the Rev. Dr. Bonhoeffer seemed aloof from the approaching world cataclysm. Opposed to Nazism from the start, he had fought its persecution of the Church for years. But he still held faith and politics separate, and his opposition stopped short of the broader political and social issues involved.

Hitler's invasion of Poland on September 1, 1939, changed Bonhoeffer almost overnight. Christian indignation impelled the brilliant young theologian to take his stand on the side of justice and freedom, a decision that led him ultimately to the gallows as an arch enemy of the Third Reich.

"I must live through this difficult period of our national history with the Christian people of my own country," he explained as he left America. "Christians in Germany will face the terrible alternative of either willing the defeat of their nation in order that Christian civilization may survive, or willing the victory of their nation and thereby destroying civilization. I know which of these alternatives I must choose, but I cannot make that choice in security."

Inspired by religious motives, the boyish pastor, poet and patriot proved one of the most active and courageous workers in the organized resistance movement which functioned inside Germany during World War II. The Gestapo silenced his preaching, twice dissolved a secret theological seminary of which he was principal, imprisoned him time and again,

and still could not halt his anti-Nazi activities.

## Eliminating "Anti-Christ"

BONHOEFFER was a member of the diversified group which, as early as 1940, laid the foundations of the plot to assassinate Hitler. And in that year also, it was he who spurred the flagging spirits of those engaged in subversive work. Despairing because of Hitler's success, they were ready to abandon their plans to revolt.

After Poland's occupation, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Luxemburg, and France fell before invading Nazi armies through the first half of 1940. Hitler's star was at its zenith. Further action by the plotters, it was felt, should be postponed to avoid making Der Fuehrer a martyr if he should be killed. Bonhoeffer's reply to the proposal was sharp and decisive.

"If we claim to be Christians," he declared, "there is no room for expediency. Hitler is the anti-Christ. Therefore we must go on with our work and eliminate him whether he be successful or not."

A year later, at an ecumenical meeting at headquarters of the World Council of Churches in Geneva, Switzerland, Bonhoeffer voiced his belief that Nazism could be destroyed only by the military conquest of Germany.

"I am praying for the defeat of my nation," he said sorrowfully. "Only in and through defeat can it expiate the grievous wrong which it has done Europe and the world."

Bonhoeffer's career as a resistance leader, and the like activities of other German churchmen, explode the common view that the plot of July 20, 1944, was a conspiracy of the militarists. In actual fact, the Christian Church ran true to its highest traditions as the Church Militant. Ministers, priests and laymen abounded in the German underground.

Evidence of the Church's heroic struggle against Nazism is above reproach, coming as it does from responsible religious leaders, among them the Church of England's Bishop of Chichester, the Rt. Rev. George Kennedy Allen Bell. In Bishop Bell's opinion, there were two strands of opposition.

"The first strand," he says, "was composed of very different kinds of people, with different motives, linked by a common resolve to eliminate Hitler. The second strand was composed of those who were quite uncompromising in their repudiation of all that Hitler and the Nazis generally stood for, and opposed the regime from a definite Christian or liberal or democratic angle. They can rightly be called the upholders of the

European tradition in Germany.

"In the highly complicated German situation, these strands were closely related. To each strand the Army was indispensable to success. For there was no force available except the Army to destroy the regime."

Bishop Bell's personal knowledge of the strong anti-Nazi movement which lay behind the intrigue against Hitler was gained in May of 1942. At the time he was visiting Sweden at the request of the British Ministry of Information to renew contacts between Swedish and British churchmen.

It was solely a goodwill mission. But an extraordinary thing happened. During his stay he received unexpected visits from two German pastors. They came from Berlin independently of each other, but on the same errand. Both told of the organized resistance to Hitler, and of the plans to kill him. It was the first inkling to the outside world that forces were at work within the Reich to overthrow the dictatorship.

One of the emissaries was Bonhoeffer. To enable him to come he had been given a diplomatic mission as a courier by Admiral Wilhelm Canaris, chief of the Counterespionage Division and a bitter foe of Hitler and National Socialism. Bishop Bell had known Bonhoeffer intimately for nine years since 1933 as a mainspring of the German Confessional Church's opposition to Nazism.

The other visitor was the Rev. Dr. Hans Schoenfeld. He was also well known to Bishop Bell, first as an officer of the Universal Christian Council, then as director of the Research Department of the World Council of Churches at Geneva. Throughout the war he traveled back and forth between Switzerland and Germany and other occupied countries as an observer and courier, thus keeping lines of communication open with the churches of Europe.

Schoenfeld maintained close contact with the Rev. Dr. Eugen Gerstenmaier, another active plotter and one of the very few who emerged alive in the bloody purge that followed the abortive attempt to remove Der Fuehrer. Gerstenmaier helped to organize an arcane advisory council of the Evangelical Church in 1942 and was Bishop Theophil Wurm's liaison with the resistance movement.

## The Underground

SCHOENFELD told Bishop Bell that the underground was composed of three main elements: members or former members of the state administration; large numbers of former trade unionists, who included the leaders and other active liaison men among large parts of the workers; high officers in the Army and state po-

lice. The coup d'état, he added, should be carried out in two or three days.

Leaders of the Protestant and Roman Catholic Churches, he said, were in close touch with the whole effort. He also revealed that leaders of both faiths in Germany had put up a determined fight in defense of human rights. Emphatic protests had been made against the Nazi government's attacks on liberty and law, by Bishop Wurm of Wurttemberg for the Confessional Church and by Conrad Cardinal von Preysing, then Catholic Bishop of Berlin.

"These three main groups had sufficient power to overthrow the Nazi regime if opportunity arose," Bishop Bell quotes Schoenfeld as saying. "Extensive preparations had been made. A chance to destroy Hitler had seemed probable in December, 1941, with the refusal of many officers to go on fighting in Russia. But no lead was given. The general development of the past winter had, however, opened men's eyes. Hitler's last speech in the Reichstag, April 26, 1942, claiming to be above all laws, had shown the German people more clearly than ever the complete anarchy of the regime."

According to Schoenfeld, the opposition sought the destruction of the entire Hitler gang, including Himmler, Goering, Goebbels and the central leaders of the Gestapo, S.S. and S.A. In its place, they planned to establish a government made up of strong representatives of the three foremost underground groups.

## Objectives

As THEIR first objective, they hoped to build a German nation governed by law and social justice with a large degree of responsible self-administration in the different provinces.

They also sought to reconstruct the economic order according to truly socialistic lines, instead of self-sufficient anarchy; and a close cooperation between free nations, by which their economic interdependence would become the strongest possible guarantee against self-reactionary European militarism.

Lastly, they envisioned a federation of free European states or nations, including Great Britain, which would cooperate in a close way with other federations of nations.

"This federation of free European nations, to which would belong a free Polish and a free Czech nation, should have a common executive, under the authority of which a European army would be created for the permanent ordering of European security," it was stated. "The foundation principles of national and social life within this federation

of free European nations should be orientated or re-orientated towards the fundamental principles of Christian faith and life."

A government guided by these principles, Schoenfeld informed Bishop Bell, would repeal the Nuremberg laws and restore their stolen property to the Jews. It would break with Japan. It would also be prepared "to take its full share in the common efforts for the rebuilding of the areas destroyed or damaged by the war"; for many Germans were convinced they must sacrifice much to atone for the damage done in the occupied countries.

On behalf of the resistance movement, Schoenfeld wished to learn whether the British government would encourage an uprising against Hitler; and whether, in the event of its success, it would be willing to negotiate with a new German anti-Nazi government. To attempt the destruction of Hitler, Himmler and the whole regime involved immense danger, he pointed out. It was therefore extremely important to know if the Allies' attitude to a Germany purged of Hitler would be different from their attitude to a Germany under Hitler.

## The British Response

A FEW days later, Bonhoeffer arrived and confirmed all that Schoenfeld had related. It was then quite impossible for Bishop Bell to hold any doubts as to the reality of the plan. He assured the German pastors that he would put everything he had been told clearly before the British government.

"On reaching London I saw Mr. Eden on June 30th, and gave him verbally a full account of the conversations," Bishop Bell says. "I also placed a detailed written memorandum in his hands, including Schoenfeld's statement, setting out the chief points, together with the names of the leaders in the plot. He listened attentively. He told me that some of the names given by Bonhoeffer were known at the Foreign Office.

"Other communications, or peace feelers, had also reached him, from other neutral countries. But he said he must be scrupulously careful not to enter into even an appearance of negotiations apart from the Russians and the Americans. He promised, however, to consider the memorandum and to write later. He wrote on July 17th informing me that after consideration it had been decided that no action could be taken."

The British government's decision was, of course, a keen disappointment to the German resistance leaders. Despite this setback, however, they decided to proceed with their plans. Dr. Gersten-

maier has revealed that after 1943 the date for the coup was set and changed repeatedly. Then it was decided to broaden the basis of the revolt. German Communists were taken into confidence. That proved a fatal mistake. The Gestapo had many agents in the German Communist Party who were not known to the plotters. As soon as details of the conspiracy reached the Communists, they also reached the Nazis. The plot was betrayed and the attempt on Hitler's life failed.

Altogether, it is estimated that some twenty thousand persons, including women, were put to death for their part in the bomb explosion which wrecked the Munich beer hall where Hitler and his cohorts met on July 20, 1944. Among them were government officials, army and police officers, labor leaders and prominent churchmen.

## Bonhoeffer's Fate

BONHOEFFER was already in prison again when the bombing occurred. He was sentenced to death. But the judge who condemned him to die lost his life in an air raid before he could sign the death warrant. As a result Bonhoeffer languished in prison for many months, uncertain of his fate.

Later he was moved to the Flossenburg concentration camp in Upper Franconia. There, shortly before American troops liberated the prisoners, he was hanged by special order of Heinrich Himmler. At first the S.S. guards rebelled. Bonhoeffer had won their liking and respect. But under the influence of liquor, they were goaded to carry out the sentence on April 9, 1945. Said a prisoner who witnessed the execution through a hole in the wooden screen of his cell window, "He died with admirable calmness and dignity."

In the same month, Bonhoeffer's brother, Klaus, and his brother-in-law, Dr. R. Schleicher, were murdered in Berlin; and another brother-in-law, Dr. Hans von Dohnanyi, was killed in Sachsenhausen. Eleven children were left fatherless by their deaths. To help them, Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr of Union Theological Seminary and other American churchmen have created a Bonhoeffer Fund, to which more than $2,000 has been contributed.

Dr. Gerstenmaier was also arrested for complicity in the plot, but he was more fortunate than the 39-year-old Bonhoeffer. After being grilled by the Gestapo for five months, he was finally interned for eventual execution. But the arrival of American troops frustrated the Gestapo's plans. Today Gerstenmaier is director of relief activities for the reorganized

Evangelical Church of Germany.

In a recent tribute to Bonhoeffer and the thousands of other martyrs to the cause of an anti-Nazi Germany, the Bishop of Chichester characterized their sacrifice as a challenge to men of goodwill everywhere to build a just and durable peace and a righteous world order.

"They are all gone," Bishop Bell observed, "but their witness remains. It is on the survivors of that opposition, of which that witness is evidence, in all parts of Germany, and on all others, both inside and outside the Church, who are inspired by liberal and humanitarian ideals and by a true love of their country, together with like-minded men in other countries, that the spiritual rebirth of Germany and the recovery of Europe depends."

# THE ASTROLABE

By
THEODORE GRAEBNER

## WAS HE THE DAUPHIN?

There is an empty grave in old St. James cemetery at Hogansburg, New York. In June of this year the cemetery in this northern New York community gave up its most famous body—that of the Rev. Eleazer Williams, the minister of the Episcopal Church, once a missionary to the Indians, who had insisted he was heir to the throne of France. He had during his lifetime, which came to a close eighty or ninety years ago, calmly asserted that he was France's "lost dauphin," the son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette.

"Dauphin" was the title assumed by the oldest sons of the French rulers, the title, of unknown origin, also being spelled "dolphin." During the French Revolution the dauphin, named Louis Charles, was sent to the Temple prison in Paris. Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette died on the guillotine, and, according to historical records, the crown prince died of illness in prison June 8, 1795. But rumors soon circulated through Paris that the dauphin had been smuggled out of prison, and that another boy had been put in his cell. It was the substitute boy, and not the dauphin, who had died, according to the rumors. From that time on, "lost dauphins" bobbed up in many countries. So many turned up that the "lost dauphin" became a nineteenth century joke. Mark Twain introduces one of the funniest characters to which his imagination gave birth as the lost heir of the royal throne of France. Addressing Huckleberry Finn, this rascally vagabond said:

"My friend, you eyes is lookin' this very moment on the pore disappeared dauphin, Looy the Seventeenth, son of Louis the Sixteenth and Mary Antoinette."

For 89 years the body of the Rev. Eleazer Williams lay undisturbed in its grave at Hogansburg. Having been a missionary to the Oneida Nation of Indians more than a century ago, it was now regarded as proper to disinter his remains and to re-bury them at Oneida, Wis., the place to which he had led the remnants of the Indian tribe. The Oneida Indians long had wished for Williams' body, "that they might pay continued homage to his memory as their founding father in Wisconsin."

The Rev. Eleazer Williams in his childhood days was known as the son of Thomas Williams, a halfbreed from the Quebec village of Caughnawaga, near Montreal. There were eleven other children in the Williams family, and the birth of each, with the exception of Eleazer, was duly recorded by the Catholic Church. Some say the omission was an oversight; others believe the lack of a birth record supports the "lost dauphin" claim. The boy Eleazer became an Episcopalian about 1812. The legend which made him the "lost dauphin" originated through an article published in the February, 1853, issue of *Putnam's Magazine*. The writer, another Episcopal clergyman, the Rev. John H. Hanson, in this article offered an affidavit in which a Frenchman, identified only as Belanger, had confessed on his deathbed in New Orleans that he had brought the prince to America, and had given him to the Indians.

At Green Bay, Wis., after leading the Oneidas from New York to their new home in Wisconsin, the Rev. Williams became friendly with H. S. Eastman, an attorney. On one occasion, according to some accounts, Eastman told the Rev. Mr. Williams he had started to write a "lost dauphin" novel, in which he had made the Rev. Mr. Williams the central figure. Eastman said that it was his unfinished novel, the manuscript of which he had given the Rev. Mr. Williams, that appeared in *Putnam's Magazine*. He further contended that Belanger was a fictitious character.

No one will ever be able to decide whether Rev. Williams believed in his own royal origin or whether he was a fraud. It is certain that he in every manner supported the rumor that he was the son of the French king who died in the Revolution. He had in his possession a gown of magnificent brocade, which, he said, had belonged to Marie Antoinette.

As retold in an Associated Press

dispatch, June 7 of this year, the Prince de Joinville, one of the younger sons of Louis Philippe, then on the throne of France, visited America, and met the Rev. Mr. Williams at Green Bay. When the prince had left, the Rev. Mr. Williams announced that the prince had sought him out and had asked him to renounce his claim to the French throne. De Joinville denied that he had sought out the Rev. Mr. Williams, asserting their meeting was purely accidental. He also denied the Rev. Mr. Williams' version of their conversation. The Rev. Mr. Williams even asked Congress to honor his claim, but was turned down.

There is still at Hogansburg a "lost dauphin" cottage, built by friends who believed the Rev. Mr. Williams was France's rightful heir.

On the gravestone in St. James Cemetery there is only the plain inscription: "Eleazer Williams—died Aug. 28, 1858."

## KASPAR HAUSER

On the Monday after Pentecost in the year 1828 a young man in peasant garb handed a letter to a passing citizen on the marketplace of Nuernberg. The document was of such mysterious content that the addressee, a cavalry officer, reported the matter to the police. The letter was written in very ungrammatical German and the writer claimed to be a poor day laborer who had found the boy on his doorstep sixteen years previously. He had secretly reared him but had taught him "reading, writing, and Christianity." A slip of paper signed ostensibly by the mother of the boy said that he had been born April 30, 1812, that his name was Kaspar, and that his father had been a cavalry officer.

Kaspar was received by the Nuernberg welfare officers as a foundling. The story which the boy told was mysterious enough. It was later recorded by him as he had originally told it to Prof. G. F. Daumer to whom he had been committed by the Nuernberg authorities. Briefly, his recollections were those of a dark cellar room in which he had spent all his days in a sitting position, clad in shirt and trousers. Each morning he had found placed beside him a pitcher of water and a loaf of bread. He never saw a living person. Shortly before his release on the streets of Nuernberg a man standing behind him had guided his hand to acquire the art of writing and one night had carried him out and left him in the park at Nuernberg. His only toys had been two wooden horses. The

story seemed to be supported by the strange inability of the boy to judge intervals of space. He would grasp at distant objects. His senses seemed abnormally acute and he learned very rapidly. However, these qualities rapidly deteriorated and the boy became very unreliable in his statements. One day he was found with a lacerated forehead in the cellar of the Daumer residence. He claimed to have been attacked by a man wearing a black mask. No trace of the assailant could be discovered. He was transferred to the home of a merchant, Biberbach. Here he was visited by Lord Stanhope who intended to adopt him and who defrayed the cost of a program of travel but soon lost interest in the boy. Kaspar Hauser died Dec. 17, 1833, from the effects of a chest wound inflicted by a sharp instrument, and explained by him as the work of a perfect stranger. Search revealed a long knife near the spot indicated by Hauser as the locality of the attack. Near this spot a monument was erected with the inscription *Hic occultus occulto occisus est.* "Here the mysterious one was secretly slain."

Kaspar Hauser's career belonged to a period of romantic fiction, eager to seize upon the mysterious, the fantastic, and the occult. The boy's story, which is said to have abounded in contradiction, was built up into a romantic myth. He was of aristocratic birth, probably a scion of nobility, if not of the royal house itself. He was the illegitimate child of a prelate of the Catholic hierarchy. Others traced him to the amour of a Hungarian noblewoman. He was a grandson of Napoleon I. When Lord Stanhope adopted him as a foster-son, this started a new series of rumors. The king of Bavaria offered a reward of 10,000 guilders for the solution of the mystery. In 1834 a booklet appeared in Strassburg under the title, "Contributions to the History of Kaspar Hauser." It traced the origin of Kaspar to a fraud committed upon the Duke Karl of Baden for the purpose of gaining the throne for another noble family. Ludwig Feuerbach defended this story with great ingenuity. The myth dissolved into thin air when in 1875 a history of the Badensian royal house was published on the basis of original documents. In 1886 a two-volume work by A. v.d. Linde investigated the entire swarm of legends and proved incontestably that Hauser was psychologically abnormal, a skilful liar, guilty of systematic deception and finally a suicide. What Linde failed to do was to demonstrate the cause of all this systematic program of deception. A daughter of Lord Stanhope in 1893 pub-

lished "The True Story of K. H. from Official Documents." The mystery of Karl Hauser has never been solved.

## MAN OF MYSTERY AT THE NUERNBERG TRIAL

His name was Dr. Hans Bernhardt von Gisevius and the Associated Press wirephoto showed a man, clean-shaven, of shapely skull and delicately strong profile classically molded. Mr. Richard L. Stokes, on the European staff of the *St. Louis Post Dispatch,* described him as the most remarkable witness yet to appear before the international military tribunal. He was "a blond, stalwart, six-foot bundle of paradoxes answering to the name of Dr. Hans Bernhardt von Gisevius." Among all the witnesses at the famous trial, he was a man whose bearing "was stamped with refinement, humanity, and civilization."

As described in the press dispatches, the appearance of Gisevius struck terror to the Nazi leaders in the prisoners' dock. The witness fired tremendous blasts of accusation against nearly all the prisoners. Until he appeared on the scene, Ernst Kaltenbrunner, the successor of Reinhardt Heydrich, the hangman, as chief of the Nazi security system—including the Gestapo, the security police, the security service and the criminal police—had maintained an expression as stony as granite. But under this attack Kaltenbrunner's swarthy features became stunned and convulsed. "One could almost see the rope winding itself about his neck," are the words of Richard L. Stokes, who witnessed the scene.

An Associated Press dispatch of April 26, 1946, related that Gisevius, under questioning by Nazi counsel, testified that he had "been in contact during the war" with the American intelligence services, and that outside the court room a qualified American informant said that Gisevius had been in the service of the United States Office of Strategic Services in Switzerland and Germany since 1943. Besides this brief personal notice and the remark of an American lawyer in Nuernberg that Gisevius "was one of the American intelligence service's most valuable men on the Continent," absolutely nothing is known of the past of this avenging genius. In some way, although a member of the Nazi party, he had drawn upon himself the hatred of the leaders who had murdered nearly all of his friends and sought his own life. He seemed to be known personally to all the high Nazi criminals. As is well known, the pose of Hermann

Goering throughout the long trial had been one of princely urbanity and benevolence. Gisevius, quoting chapter and verse, denounced him to his face as a gangster, scoundrel, and assassin. "Then," says Mr. Stokes, "the jovial smile was transformed into grimaces of wrath and menace. It became clear how formidable, when Goering was in his heyday of power, must have been the homicidal furies of this man."

Among the most sensational of the Gisevius testimony was the parallel he drew between Heydrich and his sucessor, Kaltenbrunner. A part of his testimony reads: "Heydrich had a sort of conscience. He refused to speak of his atrocities and tried to cover them up. But under Kaltenbrunner officials of the security system in Berlin were required daily to attend 'business lunches.' Here were openly discussed the newest refinements of gas chambers and murder camps, the latest wrinkles in speedy mass extermination of Jews.

"It was not on account of softness of heart that Obergruppenfuehrer Nebel became Kaltenbrunner's right hand in the criminal police. But after some months of these revolting displays of bloodthirsty cynicism, Nebel took to his bed with a nervous collapse."

The amazing thing is that Gisevius appeared by some horrible mistake of the defense lawyers as a witness for the defense. Since he gave his testimony he has completely disappeared, his past life and his present whereabouts filed among the top-drawer secrets of the War Department.

# *Music* AND MUSIC MAKERS

*Harvard Symposium*

[CONCLUDED]

By WALTER A. HANSEN

"Every musician is a music critic," said Virgil Thomson, of the *New York Herald Tribune,* at the Harvard Symposium on Music Criticism. He could have said, "Everybody is a music critic."

Those who are tone-deaf in the true sense of the word are music critics. Why? Because they reject all music as meaningless. Those who, for one reason or another, imagine that they are tone-deaf are music critics. Why? Because they, too, turn up their noses at music.

Those who contend that ditties like *Gimme That Peroxide,* let us say, and *You Have That Liver Dumpling Something* are masterpieces and that Beethoven's *Eroica* and Brahms's *Tragic Overture* are as dull as ditchwater are music critics. Why? Because they conclude by induction no less than by deduction that the works of Beethoven, Brahms, and many other composers are not to their liking.

Those who maintain that Bach's *Goldberg Variations,* let us say, and Prokofieff's *Scythian Suite* are exactly what they want to hear and that concoctions like *Potato Bug Blues* and *Don't Garble My Warble* deserve a sudden and violent death are music critics. Why? Because they, too, deal in judgments and in the pronouncing of judgments.

Mr. Thomson, therefore, could have made his statement much broader.

What about the validity—or the non-validity—of the judgments pronounced by the music critic whose name is Everybody?

"No judgment," declared Mr. Thomson, "is ever final or permanent." This means, of course, that music critics have a right to—and actually do—change their own minds and the minds of others.

Otherwise why would the protagonists of *Gimme That Peroxide* and *Don't Garble My Warble* undertake to convert the champions of the *Eroica* or the *Goldberg Variations* to what, in accordance with their way of thinking, is a down-to-earth appraisal of the tonal art? And if every judgment pronounced were final and permanent, why would those who believe and are sure that the *Scythian Suite* and the *Tragic Overture* are great works busy themselves in an effort to regenerate those who are convinced that *You Have That Liver Dumpling Something* or *Potato Bug Blues* represent the very acme of moving beauty?

"All this is self-evident," you will say. Granted. But even self-evident truths have their value in discussions of the arts.

It is barely conceivable that, as time goes on, *Potato Bug Blues* may come to be acknowledged, almost universally, as a classic. But is it probable, or even possible, that competent criticism will ever brand the *Goldberg Variations* and the *Eroica* as works of no lasting value? The answer seems to be an unqualified no. Therefore Mr. Thomson was not altogether right when he made the sweeping pronouncement that "no judgment is ever final or permanent." The verdict that Homer, Shakespeare, Goethe, Beethoven, Rafael, and Mozart—to mention only a few sacrosanct names in the field of letters and art—were, and are, masters in the true sense of the word is, I believe, as final as it is permanent. Furthermore, one must grant that now and then even works by contemporary creators call forth judgments which have permanence and finality.

### Human Fallibility

Nevertheless, human beings have a tendency to be wrong. They are prone to be swayed by their own pet theories, by their own likes and dislikes. Strictly speaking, there is no indisputable objectivity in criticism. If, for example, Shostakovich's *Leningrad Symphony* does not evoke from me an enthusiastic response, I have a right to say so as clearly and as emphatically as I know how. I must be on my guard, however, lest I delude myself—and attempt to delude others—into believing that my verdict is final and permanent. My conclusion may be final and permanent for me; but that insignificant fact does not make the conclusion conclusive.

At this juncture it is necessary to stress another important consideration. A deduction which I draw on Tuesday may not tally in every detail with a deduction I draw on the Saturday following that Tuesday. In the course of a

few days—sometimes even a few hours—one may learn much that will bring about a verdict diametrically different from an opinion already expressed. Such things can happen. It is true that changes of this nature do not, as a rule, occur in the minds of critics who are so intensely enamored of their first impressions that they automatically set up an iron curtain to exclude all possibility or probability of a recantation; but judgment-hawkers of such a stripe cannot, and should not, be looked upon as critics worth their salt.

Mr. Thomson said:

> The formulation of judgment can take place at any point. Reviewers describe new music from one hearing, as pedagogues criticize student compositions or performances from one reading. In nine cases out of ten, this is quite sufficient for the purpose, and no injustice is done. . . .

I shook and scratched my head when I heard Mr. Thomson read the sentence beginning with the words, "In nine cases out of ten." I shook and scratched even more energetically when, on the following day, I heard Olin Downes, of the *New York Times,* declare that, in his opinion, the statement made by his colleague was correct. Was the wish the father of the thought?

The history of music—and, in particular, of music criticism—abounds in examples of the utter falseness of first impressions. I do not believe that "in nine cases out of ten" criticisms based on a single hearing or reading of a new work are "quite sufficient for the purpose." I do not deny that at times such criticisms may be entirely correct and wholly adequate; but I am convinced from the soles of my feet to the crown of my head that there is grave danger that in many instances verdicts arrived at and handed down after only one hearing or reading may be warped and altogether inadequate.

This does not mean that I am opposed to the high-speed type of music reviewing which is practiced in the newspapers of the United States. This custom, I am sure, has a distinct value. It is good journalism. It deals with performers and performances when those performers and performances are still fresh in the memories of the men and women who write about them and of the readers who scan the morning and evening papers for reports on, and critical analyses of, what they have heard. Experience has taught reviewers that in numerous instances they do their best work when they strike while the iron is still hot. I concede without further ado that high-speed reviewing sometimes leads to utterly or partially fallacious judg-

ments concerning new music; but is it not true that all intelligent readers, no less than all intelligent critics, know that an opinion expressed by Mr. A, for example, or by Miss B or Mrs. C is, after all, nothing more or less than the opinion of Mr. A, Miss B, or Mrs. C?

### Differing Verdicts

Furthermore, what Mr. A says may be totally at variance with what Miss B asserts, and both Mr. A and Miss B may be completely out of step with Mrs. C. Such things happen. They happen when critics write their reviews with an insistent deadline hanging over their heads; they happen when, as is customary in some countries of Europe, critics pen their screeds after the lapse of a few days or a few weeks. Serious danger creeps into the practice of criticism in only three instances: when the critics themselves are dishonest, when they are incompetent, and when they delude themselves into believing with all their hearts and all their souls and all their minds that they are always infallible, nearly always infallible, or infallible, shall one say, in nine cases out of ten.

All this leads me to a bone-picking session with some musicologists. Unfortunately, I am not able at the present moment to quote verbatim from Paul H. Láng's paper on "The Equipment of the Music Journalist." The widely known scholar had some harsh things to say about music criticism as it is practiced in our country. It is not my present purpose to state either that he was right in his strictures or that he was wrong. Criticism needs criticism and, as a matter of plain fact, thrives on criticism. Nevertheless, I must point out that the musicologists themselves are critics. Yes, they deal primarily with the past and, for this reason, are historians; but even historians are, and must be, critics. Whenever a musicologist declares that he must, of necessity, confine himself to the past, he is, it seems to me, giving expression to a vicious half-truth. Musicologists must consider the present. In addition, they must try to peer into the future. Otherwise they are musicologists only in part. Their main field is the past, I know; yet they must evaluate the present on the basis of the past, and they must describe, appraise, and evaluate trends of the present in relation to the possible or probable influence of such trends on the future.

Dr. Láng's book on *Music in Western Civilization* (W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., New York. 1941) is, in some respects, a monumental work. It abounds in learning—and, lest we forget, in critical pronouncements. There-

fore Dr. Láng is himself a critic —even though it is customary to refer to him as a musicologist. One *cannot* be a musicologist without being a critic. It is equally true, however, that one *can* be a critic without being a musicologist.

Musicologists, you know, must study, and pass judgment on, a tremendous profusion of music. Most of that music came into being in the past, it is true, and the very profusion of the material leads to more than one speedily drawn conclusion. It follows, then, that musicologists, no less than reviewers, must acquire the habit of realizing and admitting the cold and inexorable truism that they, too, often deliver themselves of verdicts which do not hold water. Whenever I dip into Dr. Láng's excellent tome, I find myself mumbling, "I wish the learned author had waited fifteen or twenty years before writing his book." If Dr. Láng reads this article, he may say that I should have waited fifteen or twenty years before endeavoring to discuss the fascinating and taxing art of music criticism.

Everybody, you see, is a music critic, and everybody must be willing and eager to learn.

On this note I conclude my articles on the Harvard Symposium —unless something induces me to change my mind.

## RECENT RECORDINGS

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN. *Concerto No. 2, in B Flat Major, Op. 19.* William Kapell, pianist, and the NBC Symphony Orchestra under Vladimir Golschmann.—The reading is praiseworthy. I say this even though I am sure that young Mr. Kapell will be the first to admit that he has not yet succeeded in plumbing the depths of Beethoven's music. The recording merits even more praise than the reading. As an encore Mr. Kapell plays Brahms's *Intermezzo in E, Op. 116, No. 6.* RCA Victor Album 1132.

SERGEI PROKOFIEFF. Selections from *Romeo and Juliet: Ballet Suite No. 2.* The Boston Symphony Orchestra under Serge Koussevitzky.—The tone of the orchestra is resplendently beautiful, and the reading reveals skill of a high order. The excerpts are *Montagues and Capulets, Juliet the Maiden, Dance,* and *Romeo at Juliet's Grave.* RCA Victor Album 1129.

JOHANN STRAUSS, JR. Waltzes from *Die Fledermaus (The Bat).* The Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestra under Leopold Stokowski. —Stokowski has made an excellent arrangement of waltzes occurring in Johann Strauss' well-known comic opera. Again he shows that he is a great master of orchestral tone. RCA Victor disc 10-1310.

MANUEL PONCE. *Estrellita (Little Star).* ERICH KORNGOLD. *March,* from *Much Ado About Nothing.* Jascha Heifetz, violinist, with Emanuel Bay at the piano.—Heifetz' transcriptions are excellent. His playing is superb. RCA Victor disc 10-1314.

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH. *Concerto in D Minor, for Two Violins and Orchestra.* Jascha Heifetz, violinist, and the RCA Victor Chamber Orchestra under Franz Waxman.—This recording represents a wonderful achievement on the part of RCA's recording engineers. Heifetz plays both violin parts of Bach's beautiful concerto. At the present writing I have an advance pressing of the first and second sides of the set. These sides were recorded with Heifetz playing the first violin part in conjunction with the orchestra. The recording was made simultaneously on lacquer masters and on sound film. Then the violinist, wearing earphones, played the second violin part, synchronizing his performance with a playback of the lacquer recording which he had previously made with the orchestra. This synchronized performance was recorded simultaneously on lacquer and sound film. Then both sound film recordings were processed, perfectly synchronized, and re-recorded on master discs. On the third and fourth sides Heifetz reversed the process, playing the second violin part first, then synchronizing a performance of the first violin part with a playback of the previous recording. From a purely mechanical point of view, the results are amazing; from the point of view of artistry, the artist has achieved remarkable unity of expression. I am sure that Bach would be thrilled to the marrow if he could hear his fine composition performed in this way. RCA Victor Album 1136.

# The Literary Scene

READ NOT TO CONTRADICT AND CONFUTE—NOR TO BELIEVE AND TAKE FOR GRANTED—BUT TO WEIGH AND CONSIDER

*All unsigned reviews are by members of the Staff*

## Inside Prison Walls

*BERLIN UNDERGROUND: 1938-1945*. By Ruth Andreas-Friedrich. Translated by Barrows Mussey. Introductory note by Joel Sayre. Henry Holt and Company, New York. 1947. 312 pages. $3.00.

THE question of the extent or the degree of guilt which may justly be placed upon the shoulders of the individual citizen of Nazi Germany has been the subject of exhaustive discussion. There can, of course, be no question as to the guilt of the degenerate leaders who turned an enlightened country into a land of suffering and horror. The record is clear. It is indelibly written in the blood of the millions who died in gas chambers, in prisons, in concentration camps, and in the hospitals where science became a debased agent of death instead of the handmaiden of healing and progress. *Berlin Underground* makes a moving plea for those Germans who despised Hitler and his infamous aides and who opposed Nazism in countless ways.

In a foreword Ruth Andreas-Friedrich declares:

This book does not pretend to be a work of art; it is simply the truth.

It is not my intention to vaunt deeds of political heroism, to uncover conspiracies, or to tell of armed resistance to Gestapo and Hitler tyranny. The whole world is aware that we did not eliminate Hitler; did not overthrow Goebbels; did not kill Goering. But few people know why none of those things happened.

For twelve and a half years the German people lived within prison walls. What actually took place inside those walls almost never reached the public ear.

Mrs. Friedrich does not attempt to hide or to minimize the appalling brutality of the Nazi leaders, nor does she try to conceal the moral and spiritual degradation of the nation under the spiked boots of the *Gestapo*. It is her aim and purpose to show us the other side of this hideous picture; to show us the little "Aryan" seamstress who took in two Jewish fugitives ("she didn't even know their names or where they came from"); to show us the noted "Aryan" sur-

geon who hid a wounded rabbi from the bloodhounds of the *Gestapo;* to show us "the innumerable fellow Germans who were ready to die of shame and pity" when the S.S. burned the synagogues and looted and destroyed Jewish shops and residences. She shows us the devout Roman Catholic lawyer who not only listened to the pleas of pale and tearful Jewish women but helped them in spite of threats and denunciations. She shows us the anger, the disgust, and the resentment which many Germans felt when Fritz von Rabenau turned Franz Gruber's famous hymn of the Nativity into an impious tribute to Hitler. In many other ways Mrs. Friedrich shows us that at least a fringe of her countrymen remained incorruptible in the face of ever present danger. She says:

> This book can fulfill a purpose only if each and every word is deeply honest. May it go out into the world to testify that there were human beings living even under Hitler in Germany—human beings who do not deserve to be despised, along with their whole nation, because of an irresponsible government. If that be accomplished, these notes will have fulfilled their purpose by helping in some small measure to raise the German people by a hair's breadth from its present low degree in the eyes of the world.

*Berlin Underground* is an engrossing book.

## Vae Victis

*NUREMBERG DIARY.* By G. M. Gilbert, Ph.D. Farrar, Straus and Company, New York. 1947. 471 pages. $5.00.

DR. GILBERT, a captain in the Army of the United States, was designated as prison psychologist at the International Military Tribunal in Nuremberg. His knowledge of the German language coupled with his intimate and constant association with the prisoners at Nuremberg enabled him to write a reliable commentary on the trial and a revealing analysis of the men arraigned before the tribunal.

Dr. Gilbert devotes little space to the trial itself. His book is made up largely of conversations between himself and the various high-ranking prisoners. While the book is not a stenographic transcript of those conversations, approximate accuracy is assured by the fact that Gilbert retired to his room immediately after each conversation and wrote a transcript on the basis of his retentive memory.

As we read this fascinating book certain questions were raised in our mind—questions which Dr. Gilbert in his purely objective account makes no attempt to answer. Were men like Doenitz, Jodl, Raeder, and Keitel being tried because of crimes against humanity, or were they sitting in the prisoner's dock simply because they lost? If conspiracy to wage an aggressive war was one of the charges, why did such conspiracy become a crime only after 1938? (See THE CRESSET, July, 1947, pp. 41-42.)

*Nuremberg Diary* is no pot-boiler; it will serve as a reliable commentary on the more human aspects of this strange trial for years to come.

## War Documents

*FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM.* Historic Documents selected and edited with interpretive comments by Harold A. Hansen, John G. Herndon and William B. Langsdorf. The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia. 1947. 495 pages. $4.50.

AT LAST all the significant World War II speeches and documents have been compiled in one book. Reprinted and indexed in *Fighting for Freedom* are wartime radio addresses and recent documents which are not otherwise easy to lay your hands on.

In this book the editors pick up the thread of the struggle for freedom and review briefly for the reader the ideological systems which have determined the nature of every civilization. The ideological system now being tested is the idea of democracy. Here that idea is put under the microscope and examined, defined, enlarged upon and defended not by "old men recalling their past" but by our contemporaries on the spur of the moment. The combined oratory and eloquence of our war leaders have left no room for vagueness or skeptism or confusion with regard to what democracy and freedom mean.

The editors reprint and examine the various constitutions and principles of the major United Nations. The defense of these fundamentals and goals in the form of the great speeches during the war make up the bulk of the book. The speeches are arranged in chronological order, each prefixed by an introduction which not only gives sequence and continuity to the book but which also affords the reader the necessary atmosphere, setting and historical background.

Here is a review of the whole course of World War II. But the editors do not end their book with the end of the war. Reprinted also is the Charter of the United Nations and documents on the control of atomic energy. Emphasis, too, is given to the all-important economic peace. Every phase of man's fight for freedom is discussed. But as the editors state, "the story is not finished . . . the reader must carry on"; all they are trying to do is to give insight and understanding to the fight for a better way of life.

GRACE NEHRING

## The U-Boat War

*COMMAND PERFORMANCE.* By Hector Bolitho. Howell, Soskin, Publishers, Inc., New York. 1946. 262 pages. $3.00.

THE literature that has come out of World War II is already voluminous and the surface has scarcely been scratched. A vast flood of material, ranging from technical accounts of whole campaigns to histories of individual heroism, has poured almost unhindered from the presses, the only limitation being the paper shortage. For there is no shortage of story material. Each unit has its own story. Every command, no matter how obscure its place, shared in the total victory. But while the stories perhaps are worth telling, many of the storytellers were not up to their task. The

result is mediocre and often quite obviously commercial—just a bid for the reader's pocketbook.

It is refreshing, therefore, to pick up Hector Bolitho's *Command Performance.* In diary form he tells the story of one of the war's less recognized units during the crucial months of June, July, and August, 1944, the invasion months. The unit is the Coastal Command and its duty that of checking the U-boat menace and destroying the German shipping which could hinder or threaten the success of the European invasion.

The Coastal Command comprised a heterogeneous lot of Englishmen, Americans, Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, and even an occasional Pole or Frenchman. Their task was a vital contribution, performed with great devotion and heroism, not recognized as commonly as it should be. The story of the war as they saw it and fought it has been ably recorded by one of the war's best reporters, for Hector Bolitho is not only an able observer, but a careful and thoughtful writer as well. His observations reveal the thoughtfulness that distinguishes an author from a run-of-the-mill reporter. The efforts of the Coastal Command will not suffer from his accounting. A group of photographs at the rear of the book serve to illustrate important sections of his story of the R.A.F. vs. the U-Boat.

## Our Economic Problem—

*AMERICA'S NEEDS AND RESOURCES,* a Twentieth Century Fund Survey by J. Frederic Dewhurst and associates. The Twentieth Century Fund, New York. 1947. 687 pages plus a 100-page appendix.

FACED with the unpleasant fact that she has had greatness thrust upon her, the United States is becoming conscious of the necessity for an inventory of her wealth and for some sort of plan for a future which can no longer be safely left to policies of momentary expediency. This survey by the Twentieth Century Fund comes as a major contribution to the task of inventorying and planning.

The survey is organized under six major headings: Basic trends, consumer requirements, capital requirements, government costs and foreign transactions, resources and capacities, and a summary of America's needs versus her resources. Under each of these headings are subheadings which deal with America's status in 1940 and with reasoned estimates of her status in 1950 and in 1960. In all tables where dollar values are significant, the authors use the value of the 1944 dollar as their base on the assumption that the price level in 1950 and 1960 will be somewhere between those of 1940 and 1946.

It would be impossible even to list in a short review the many trends which the tables reveal or the forecasts which the authors attempt. Some of the trends, not necessarily the most significant ones, are: the increasing age of the population, a trend which takes on added significance as we remember that the United States is approaching a condition of mature population while the popula-



# East Anglia

*"Houses are built to live in, more than to look on; therefore, let use be preferred before uniformity, except where both may be had."*

BACON

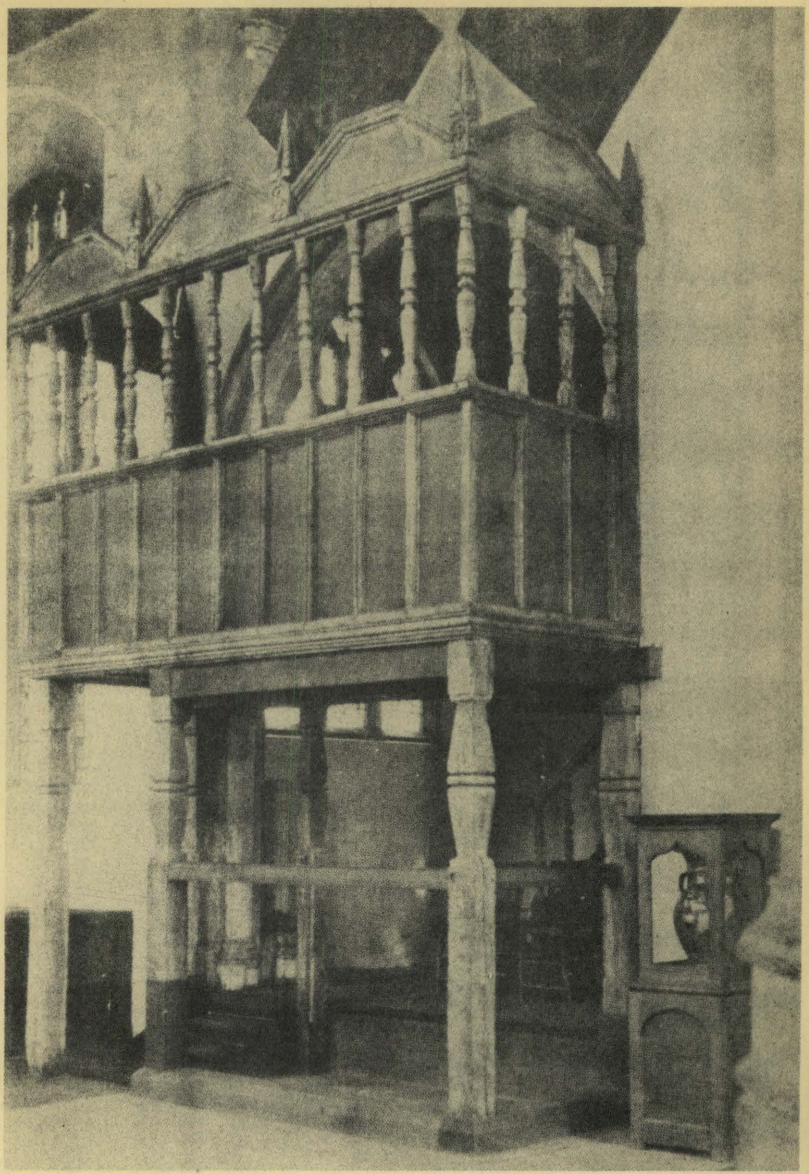
EAST ANGLIA became famous for its trade in wool and the great prosperity of that district stemmed from its rich wool merchants. All along the Essex-Suffolk border magnificent oak-framed buildings exist. Such structures are indeed almost indestructible given reasonable care and protection. They have allowed successive alterations and remodelings of a scope which would wreck any normal brick house. The oak hammer-beam and arch-brace church roofs of Norfolk and Suffolk (see No. 1) are among the finest in the world.

In the best period the timber walls contain more timber than filling, the uprights, eight inches or nine inches wide, being closely spaced so that the intervening panels scarcely ever exceed the timber faces. Corner posts were even more massive and were usually chosen for special decoration in the form of grotesque figure carving (see No. 6), and where no other trace of the still existing original structure remains visible, these angle posts and separators may still be seen. No one who has seen an untouched example of silvery oak filled with age-colored Tudor brick work with full joints unpointed, could ever again waste his admiration on the more popular black and white version of half timber construction.

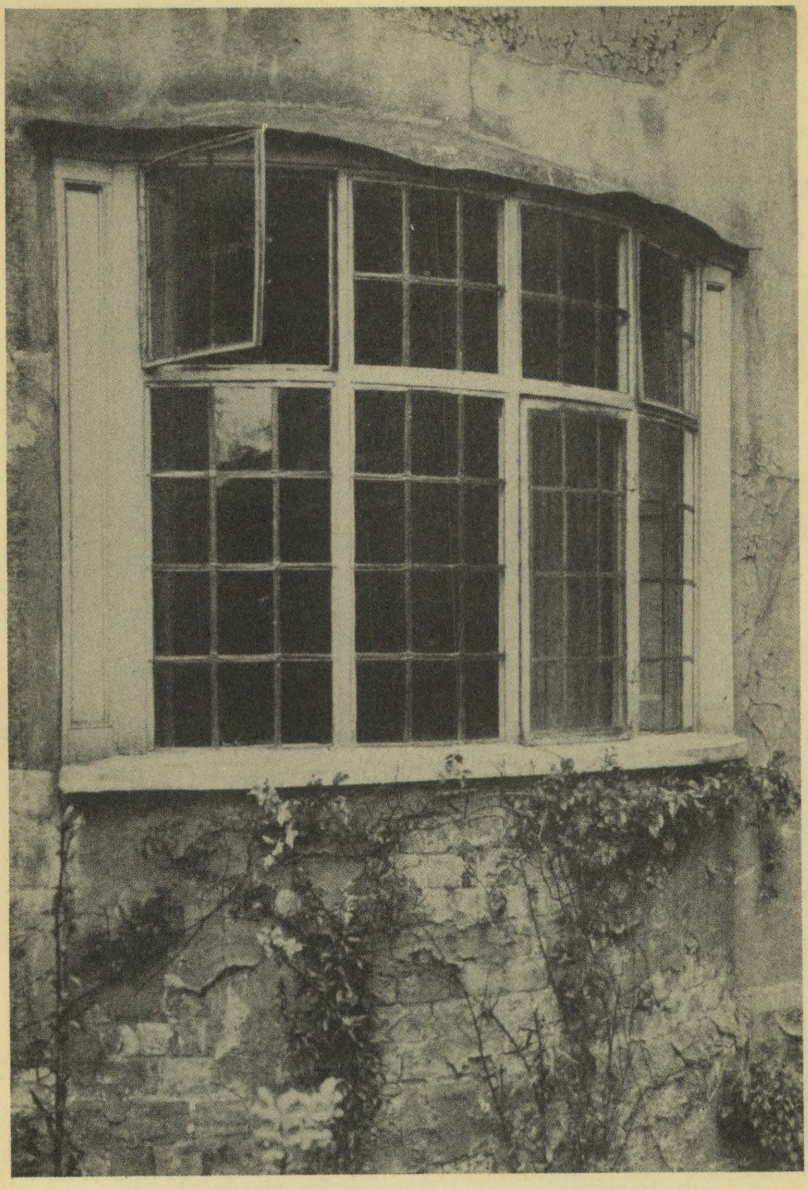
There is analogy to modern steel frame structures in these buildings in that the strength lay in the posts and the material of the panels need contribute nothing but enclosure. It followed that window area could be indefinitely expanded. The crippling hand of the window-taxer caused many of these excellent windows to be blocked. Light was really a necessity if the heavy beam and joist ceiling were to be made tolerable. The window tax was a duty formerly levied on all windows or openings for light above the number of eight in houses of cities or towns. It was replaced in 1851 by a house duty based on rental.

ADALBERT R. KRETZMANN

Ceiling, Church at Blythburgh, Suffolk

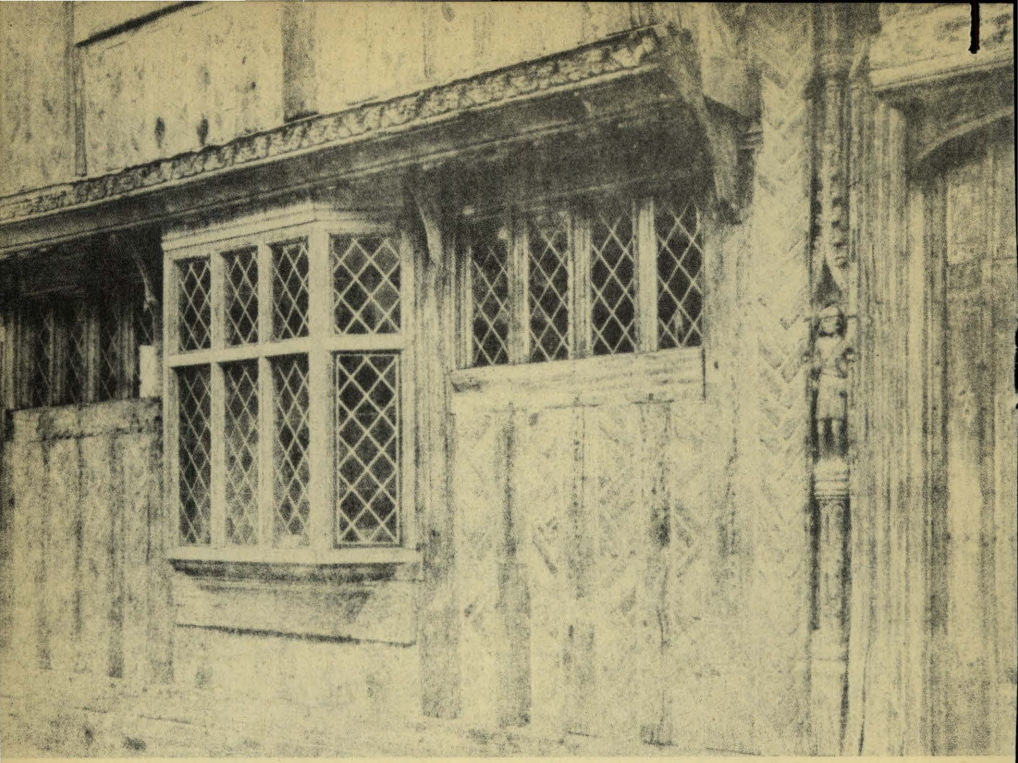


Private Pew, Church at Clare, Suffolk



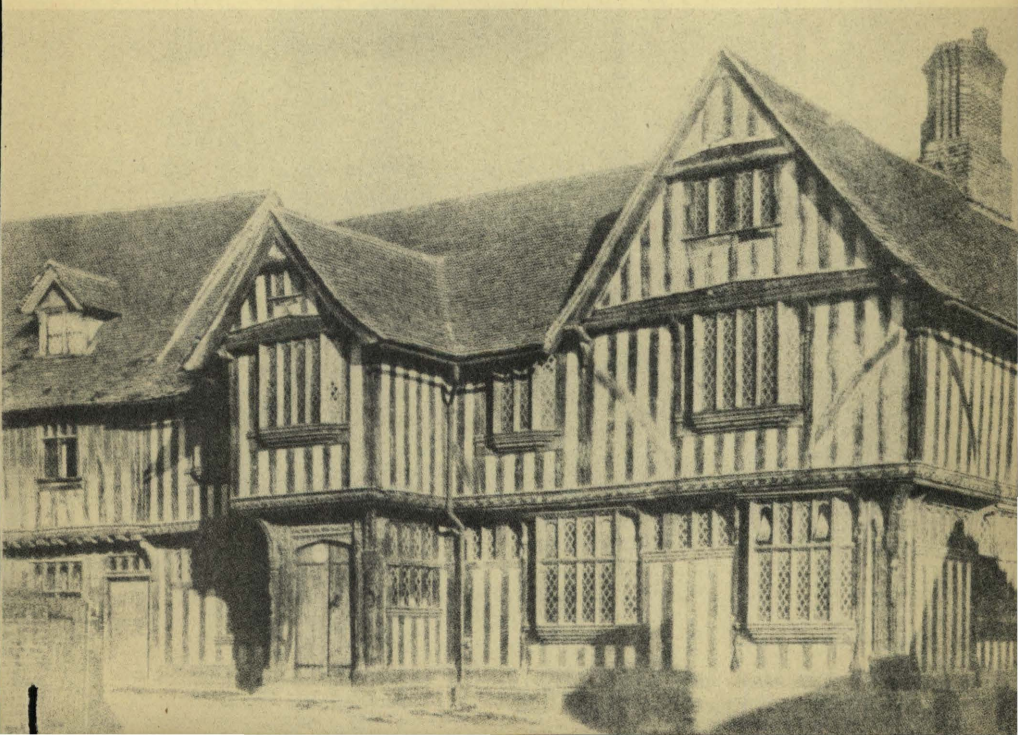
Bay Window, Brook House, Woodbridge

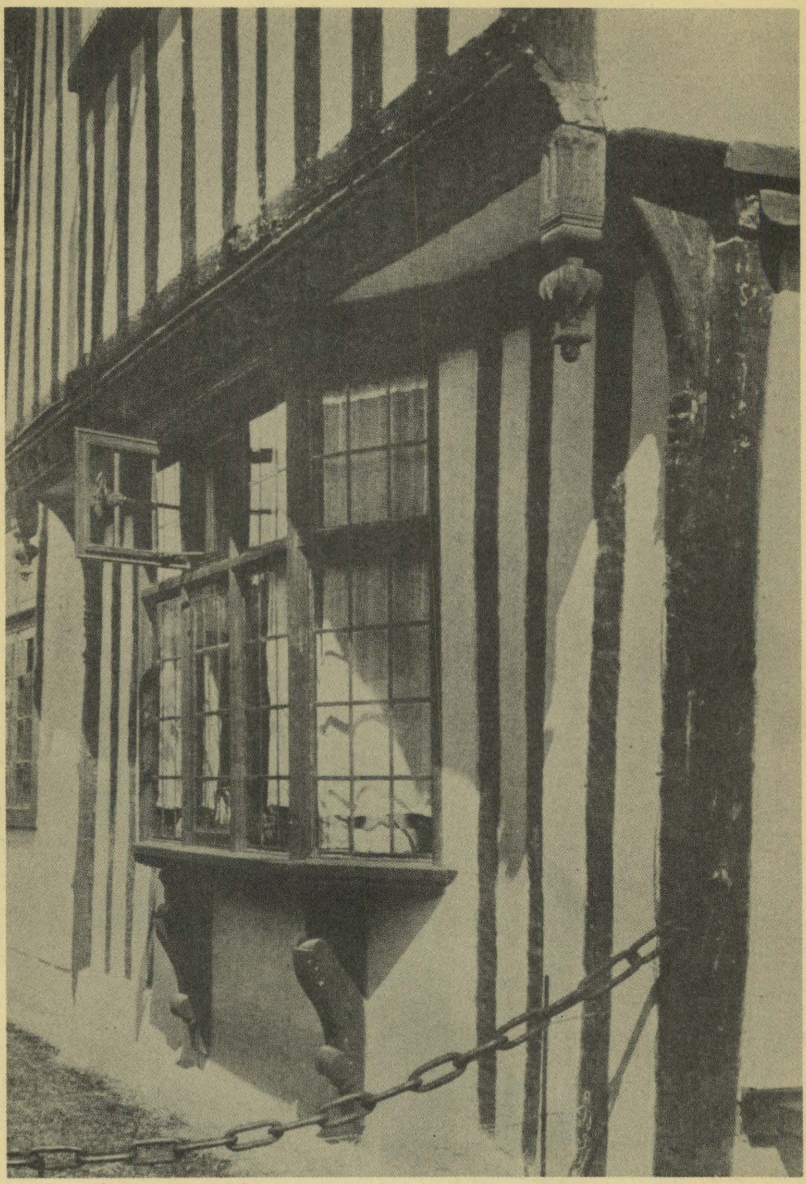
Detail of Farmhouse near Walberswick, Suffolk



Detail of Lower Story, Reconstructed House at Lavenham, Suffolk

Guildhall at Lavenham, Suffolk





Detail of House at Clare, Suffolk

tion of her chief rival is still distinctly youthful; the increasing role of government in the economic life of the nation; the growing importance of the federal government at the expense of local and state governments; America's meteoric rise to the position of the world's greatest creditor nation; and the imminent depletion of the best grades of many of those natural resources upon which American industry (and, therefore, her high standard of living) has been based.

The forecasts for 1950 and 1960 are, as the authors frankly admit, only good guesses based on a projection of trends. In general, the tone is one of restrained optimism prefaced by a number of "if's." Many, if not most, of the qualifications have to do with America's relations with the rest of the world and with the psychology of the American people. IF there is no war, IF America is not confronted with a hopelessly bankrupt world, and IF the American people will husband their resources, there could be good days ahead in 1950 and 1960.

JOHN STRIETELMEIER

## —And a Suggested Solution

*THE COMING CRISIS.* By Fritz Sternberg. Translated from the German by Edward Fitzgerald. The John Day Company, New York. 1947. 280 pages. $3.50.

THAT there is to be a crisis is generally believed; but the unprecedented nature and tremendous extent of this coming crisis is told here in eye-opening figures and facts. The capitalistic system has come upon a phase of development which can mean only disaster if this system continues to shape the domestic and foreign policies of the United States. That these economic tendencies and political policies are one and inseparable is the point which Sternberg makes so clear that no room is left for prophetic "if's" or "but's" when speaking of the coming crisis. The economic peace and political peace have become as interdependent as supply and demand.

Boom-bust theorizing cannot apply to the coming crisis; nor can it explain the still unsolved 1929 crisis. This is true because the factors making for an economic-political crisis have been very much intensified and the ramifications of the coming crisis make boom-depression reasoning as obsolete as the horse and buggy.

Sternberg divides his book into two parts. The first part deals with an analysis of what happened from the first World War to the second World War, not only in the United States but in all the major countries. He discusses every aspect of the 1929 crisis and how 1929 is a warning of the immediate problems that must be dealt with—not after the next crisis is upon us, but now before it is too late.

The second part of the book, "The Challenge of the Next Crisis," is an examination of all the forces at work which make the coming crisis inevitable and terrible. Sternberg points out that "the United States is *the* decisive factor in the coming crisis." But can United States capitalism deal

effectively with (1) the wartime increase of productive capacity without the necessary new and expanding markets; (2) the dim prospects of abundant U. S. trade with foreign countries; (3) the hindrance of the backwardness of foreign peoples and their low living standards; (4) the social unrest of the various peoples and instability of their governments and economic systems—or, indeed, the absence of any economic system at all; and (5) the threat of Soviet Russia?

Sternberg says no—capitalism cannot handle these problems successfully. He points out, with England's experience as an example, "that capitalism is no longer in a position to overcome economic crises from its own resources and consequently new and wide responsibilities devolve on the state. . . ."

However, there is no important political group in the United States which argues for government intervention and for a plan, set forth by the government, to prepare for the coming crisis. Here is Sternberg's chief criticism of the United States progressive forces—that they fail to have a decisive program. Because this is so, Sternberg offers a formula. This formula sets forth comprehensive steps to be taken in three main fields: (1) domestic economic affairs; (2) armaments; and (3) foreign politics. If this program is acted upon, a solution to the crisis will be effected. Otherwise, the coming crisis will result in a third World War culminating in "an epoch of historyless barbarism."

Sternberg presents the case clearly and concisely. He offers no impossible solution. Here is an important and realistic account of our political economic past and future.

GRACE NEHRING

## Naval Empire

*GUAM AND ITS PEOPLE.* By Laura Thompson. The Princeton University Press, Princeton, N. J. 1947. 306 pages and appendix. $5.00. Published in cooperation with the American Council of the Institute of Pacific Relations.

THIS is the third edition of what has come to be, since its first appearance in 1941, the standard reference on Guam and one of the required readings for any student of the Pacific Ocean area. Miss Thompson, an anthropologist who has been especially interested in the peoples of the Marianas, has in this third edition incorporated such information as she has been able to gather concerning the changes wrought in Guam by the war. And once again she poses the question of what we are going to do about the people of Guam who have, up to this time, been governed by naval administrations which have been in turn conscientious, stupid, idealistic, and reactionary, but always authoritarian and in every respect foreign to the American concept of government as a servant of the people.

Some of the chapters make rather hard reading, not because of the difficulty of the language or the profundity of thought but because one has to swallow large pieces of his

national pride as he reads them. Try getting this one down, for instance: ". . . on December 24 a democratic-minded governor proclaimed a Bill of Rights for Guam modeled after the first ten amendments of the United States Constitution. This Bill of Rights never went into effect, however, because the Secretary of the Navy informed the governor that it did not meet with the approval of the Navy Department." Guam is today, as it has been ever since American occupation began in 1898, a kind of stationary battleship commanded by a naval officer who literally possesses the power of life and death over its inhabitants.

On the happier side, Miss Thompson gives excellent pictures of the way the people live and of the way their ancestors lived before the coming of the Spaniards and, later, the Americans. In many respects, life on Guam seems to be somewhat like that in the Philippines with which many Americans are more familiar. There is, for instance, the same blending of paganism and Catholicism to which the recent years have added the American ingredients of individualism, toothpaste, and fly-traps. Thus, in Guam as in the Philippines, one comes upon these men without a world whose feet are caught in the stocks of the customs and attitudes and superstitions of the past while their arms reach out to embrace a new culture which may, for all we know, give them less in the way of happiness than they had before.

The appendix is, in a way, the most interesting part of the book. It includes the journal of one Jesus C. Barcinas, a kind of Guamanian Mr. Pepys. Recommended reading for those who think that only the Occidental world has problems.

JOHN STRIETELMEIER

## Americana

*INSIDE U. S. A.* By John Gunther. Harper and Brothers, New York. 1947. 979 pages. Indexed.

*OUR FAIR CITY.* Edited by Col. Robert S. Allen. The Vanguard Press, Inc., New York. 1947. 387 pages. $3.50.

IN RECENT years there have appeared a goodly number of magazine articles on the chief cities of our country. One such series is appearing intermittently in the *Saturday Evening Post.* They are evidently very popular with the reading public. Is this interest merely superficial curiosity? Or is its basis a desire on the part of our people for self-analysis? Are we, in view of the destruction of so many cities in Europe, anxious to examine our own much-vaunted democracy to see how it actually works out in practice? If this is the case and if a careful self-examination of ourselves will lead to a concerted effort toward self-improvement then we should be happy about it, for it would be an indication of a healthy and salutary civic and national life.

Both books, mentioned above, are worthwhile. In *Our Fair City,* we have a series of essays on the chief cities in various regions of our land, *e.g.,* Boston, New York, Miami, Birmingham, Detroit, St. Louis, Denver,

Los Angeles, Butte, etc. Each is written by an expert, men who have lived and work in the city of which they write, mostly newspapermen. In every instance, as far as our own knowledge of the cities discussed is concerned, the study is fair and unbiased.

Mr. Gunther's work is somewhat more ambitious. He tries to cover the whole country. In the development of his story, however, he is forced to draw his conclusions from what he observed in the chief cities which he visited. One marvels at the enormous amount of detail which he was able to collect and assimilate.

In both books, the political and industrial activities of our people are especially discussed, occasionally also their cultural life. Too little is said about the churches and the influence of religion. That is a serious lack and makes for an incomplete picture. It is not enough to interview politicians, office holders, society leaders, and newspaper editors, or to visit clubs, taverns and Chambers of Commerce to find out what the American people are doing and saying. The churches and educational institutions are not a force to be overlooked. One of these days we should have a volume or two analyzing also the impact of religion on the lives of our people. It might be surprising and revealing.

## Negro Verse

*ON THESE I STAND:* An Anthology of the Best Poems of Countee Cullen. Harper and Brothers, New York. 1947. 197 pages. $2.50.

*HOW GOD FIX JONAH.* By Lorenz Graham. Woodcuts by Letterio Calapai. Reynal and Hitchcock, New York. 1946. 171 pages. $2.50.

THESE two volumes by Negro writers present an extraordinary contrast. Mr. Graham, who has spent considerable time in Liberia and Sierra Leone, attempts to reproduce the Bible stories as they are recited by native story-tellers in the English-speaking villages of West Africa. Here is a self-sufficient world, consisting of the good people, the bad people, and God. There are no doubtful values, but only solid folk-wisdom; and there is only one race. The woodcuts of Mr. Calapai emphasize this simplification by presenting all the Biblical characters as black and living under tribal conditions. Mr. Graham, in his introduction, indicates the chief phonetic and syntactical characteristics of the English spoken in this region; for the African words that intersperse their speech, he has substituted English words, but he keeps the common Spanish derivative, "pican" (from *pequeño; cf.* pickaninny). The recitation is rhythmical, but not monotonous; here is Moses' mother:

God done bless one woman
And when she look on she small pican face
She heart be full.
She say "Not me,
Not nobody going kill my child."

*ON THESE I STAND,* a selection of his poems made by Countee Cullen just before his death, is morbid with racial misery. Cullen's poems are of Negroes in America. Cullen lived in New York and received a Master's degree from Harvard; later

he traveled abroad. He seems to have been torn between the desire to write literary verse of the sort for which his environment and education had fitted him and the haunting duty to identify himself with uneducated plantation Negroes and Negroes in Africa. He faces his problem squarely in the poem "Heritage"—startlingly reminiscent of Millay's "Renascence." In the sonnet "Black Majesty" he writes with consistent pride and optimism:

"Lo, I am dark, but comely," Sheba sings.
"And we were black," three shades reply, "but kings."

But often he is less successful, and peevishness or preachiness result. Thus, "A Song of Praise," which contains fine quatrains in praise of a Negro girl—

Her walk is like the replica
Of some barbaric dance
Wherein the soul of Africa
Is winged with arrogance

—becomes awkward and childish in the stanzas devoted to the inferiority of the white man's "fair" love. The famous narrative poem, "The Black Christ," the story of a lynching, is merely feverish and, in the bad sense, picturesque. In those poems in which there is no mention of Negro matters, Cullen tends to be too derivative.

Cullen's poetry abounds in good lines and short passages. There is the cat that "breaks like a kettle into song." "A Brown Girl Dead" begins:

With two white roses on her breasts,
White candles at head and feet . . .

and concludes:

She'd be so proud she'd dance and sing
To see herself tonight.

One of his best poems is "A Negro Mother's Lullaby" in praise of John Brown, written in 1941:

Hushaby, hushaby, dark one at my knee;
Slumber you softly, nor pucker, nor frown;
Though some may be bonded, you shall be free,
Thanks to a man . . . Osawatamie Brown.
His sons are high fellows,
An Archangel is he,
And they doff their bright haloes
To none but the Three.

## Light on a Master

*THE MUSIC OF SCHUBERT.* Edited by Gerald Abraham. W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., New York. 1947. 342 pages. $3.75.

ALTOGETHER too much drivel has oozed from the pens of some of those who have undertaken to write about the music of Franz Peter Schubert. When a famous English poet declared simply and bluntly that a little learning is a dangerous thing, he gave an accurate description of the seemingly unending profusion of pseudo-erudition that has been printed concerning the great master of melody who lived, moved, and had his being in Vienna from 1797 to 1828.

Those critics who are constantly at pains to cast stones at Schubert's craftsmanship should read and digest what T. C. L. Pritchard has to say in "The Schubert Idiom," one of the eight illuminating essays included by Gerald Abraham in *The Music of Schubert*. If they have swallowed the

soot-smudged tale that Schubert was out of his element whenever he chose to dive into the pool of counterpoint, they should give close attention to the following significant words:

> Schubert, who had been conformably brought up in his studies, began on his own initiative to take liberties with the ordinary rules of part-writing, which were still regarded as binding, and his infringements of them arose from his preference, other things being equal, for conjunct movement among the parts. It is this which gives them their easy and soothing flow, which in turn was an expression of his own personality. The songs, in which as first in the field he was developing a path for himself, offered the widest scope for trying out his new ideas.

Yes, Schubert was a daring composer. He was not a dabbler. It is entirely possible, to be sure, that he would not have passed an examination for a doctor's degree—an examination administered by men of learning utterly unworthy of kissing the hem of his garment; but it is no exaggeration to say that even at an early age his craftsmanship was of a far higher order than that of many of those who taught and upheld time-sanctioned "Thou shalt's" and "Thou shalt not's." Schubert created an idiom of his own.

Those who are prone to make light of what Schubert did in the way of sacred music should ponder what Carl A. Rosenthal and Abram Loft say in an essay entitled "Church and Choral Music." The two authors provoke thought when they state:

> The requirement of religious music is not that it eschew all elements of the theater, the dance, or the concert stage; no, the real test is whether music intended for liturgical use draws upon "secular" music only to acquire a mere coating of momentary popularity or whether, instead, it draws upon all branches of music to help express, sincerely and forcefully, the emotions aroused by religious faith.

Bach, for example, did not boggle at using dance rhythms in some of his sacred music. Like all composers, he, too, was a creature of his time and his environment. So was Schubert. The melodic content of the great Viennese master's sacred music is

> not the indiscriminate, theatrical stuff that the unenlightened would have us believe it to be, but rather a deeply felt emotional expression which was, for the Austrian Catholic, the embodiment of religious fervour.

One hopes that the sound scholarship which pervades the pages of *The Music of Schubert* will shock shoddy learning out of its dismal self-complacency. Every student of music owes it to himself—or herself—to study Mr. Abraham's book with the sharpest concentration. Schubert-worship is a laudable thing; but it should be coupled with some understanding of the stocky, pot-bellied, and near-sighted Viennese who was less than five feet tall, whose "spectacles had, so to speak, grown on to him at an early age," and whose "endless flow of music was united with an unfailing sense of what was effective in its expression." One gains a large measure of the understanding necessary for a proper evaluation of Schubert's genius by reading the studies collected by Mr. Abraham.

In addition to the two essays already mentioned, the book contains an article by Otto Erich Deutsch on "Schubert the Man," Mosco Carner's study of "The Orchestral Music," and J. A. Westrup's analysis of "The Chamber Music." Kathleen Dale writes on "The Piano Music," Alec Robertson deals with "The Songs," and A. Hyatt King discusses Schubert's "Music for the Stage." Besides, the editor includes a chronology, a bibliography, a chronological list of Schubert's compositions, and 167 examples from the master's works.

## Psychoanalysis and Art

*LEONARDO DA VINCI: A Study in Psychosexuality.* By Sigmund Freud. Translation and introduction by A. A. Brill. Random House, New York. 1947. 121 pages.

FREUD's book on Leonardo da Vinci is not a biography as such. It is, as its sub-title suggests, a *Study in Psychosexuality.* It attempts to solve, through the application of psychoanalytic procedure, the riddle which da Vinci's life has always presented to his biographers. Born of unmarried parents, Leonardo spent the first years of his life entirely with his mother. Deprived of a father, he did not learn the normal masculine pattern of relating to persons of his own sex. But, overly exposed to the mother-son relationship, da Vinci's own adult life continued to copy this pattern: he himself played "mother" to his boy pupils to such an extent that he was accused and convicted of homosexuality. Freud, while asserting that this accusation had been exaggerated, feels that da Vinci's unusual sexual development was nevertheless reflected in his art, in the dreams, quirks and general tendencies which are recorded in his diary. The psychoanalytic explanation of the characteristic da Vinci "smile," typified in Mona Lisa, is most interesting.

The reader for whom this book is the first experience in Freud ought to observe a few general cautions. Implicit in Freud's discussion are a number of assumptions which he does not bother to explain or wish to acknowledge: for instance, that an idea or wish can never really be forgotten (the indestructibility of psychic energy); that every psychic phenomenon, even slips of the pen, dreams, etc., serves the ends of the instincts; that these biological, unconscious, amoral instincts are the initiators of life in the mind, and that that activity of the psyche which is conscious, rational, moral is derived from them. And so on. Because Freud, in the last chapter, acknowledges some of the book's shortcomings, this chapter ought to be read first. Finally, it should be remembered that any theory which proposes to explain human activity in terms of a single factor, namely, the biological (of which sexuality is only a part), is subject to the same dangers as a Marx's or a Veblen's one-sided economic interpretation of social change.

This book on da Vinci is not simply a piece of clinical research, nor merely a psychological approach to

art. Actually the ideas which undergird this book constitute a doctrine of man, philosophically systematized and—to increasing numbers of intellectuals of our time—religiously persuasive. Freudianism today offers a rational way of reaction for those who have lost hope in the old liberal, optimistic view of human nature. It is a secular Weltanschauung contending with ever more success for people's souls. And yet those of us who represent a Christian Weltanschauung have written no adequate, certainly no concerted, reply to Freudianism. Some critics are annoyed by its overemphasis on sex, often showing thereby their own ignorance of what Freud meant by "sex." Psychiatrists assail it because it is unscientific. Neo-Thomists chafe under its depreciation of human reason. And those who say that psychoanalysis, because Freud was unchristian, has absolutely nothing to teach us should by the same token repudiate as useless the syllogisms of Aristotle or the political insights of Tom Paine. No, as Christian apologetics such a position is unsatisfactory. The telling Christian blow to Freudianism—on the intellectual level, that is—has yet to be dealt.

ROBERT BERTRAM

## Faith of a Theist

*DOES GOD EXIST?* By A. E. Taylor. Macmillan Company, New York. 1947. 172 pages. $2.00.

DR. A. E. TAYLOR, late professor of moral philosophy in Edinburgh University, leaves to the "average reader" this record of his meditations in theodicy during the war years. It is the *apologia pro vita sua* of a keen and sincere Christian philosopher.

Convinced that there can be no vital religion or theology adequate to it apart from revelation, Dr. Taylor appeals to reason here on the ground that "a man cannot be expected to receive anything as a communication from God until he is satisfied that it is reasonable to believe that there is Some One to make the communication." It would appear that Dr. Taylor operates with concepts of "faith" and "revelation" which, though widely held, may not be in the best evangelical tradition.

The substance of Dr. Taylor's discussion is a rehearsal of the teleological argument, employing both the speculative and the practical reason. His "God" is consequently Intelligence and Will, Greek and Hebrew deliverances, respectively, and "complementary halves of a single whole." The argument from design, for Taylor, demonstrates Intelligence at work in nature and the moral argument is next adduced to exhibit this Intelligence as One. The embracive End of the natural order the author takes to be "the development and maintenance of intelligent and moral personalities," an acknowledged hypothesis, but from it he proceeds to infer not only a God who is One but who is "almighty, Creator of heaven and earth and of all things visible and invisible." Thence, since this hypothetical end is not achieved in natural life, there devolves the certainty of another life which, if the achieve-

ment is not to be lost, must be eternal.

The reasoning is not conclusive—or would probably not appear so to thinkers who have placed "prospective contrivance" into the very nature of an *élan vital* or *évolution créatrice*. Nor does Taylor quite succeed in diverting the familiar objection to the argument from design raised by David Hume (who once aspired in vain to the chair recently vacated by Taylor in Edinburgh) and by Immanuel Kant that for a relation between design and designer to be knowable both must exist within a system of "possible experience." When Dr. Taylor has completed his argument the reader may be of the opinion still that John Stuart Mill was justified in inferring that Paley's watch was made by a human watchmaker only because he knew beforehand that men make watches. Moreover the use of the moral argument has appeared to modern minds to be a direct begging of the question and the assertion of a single, worthwhile End in nature to be a hypothesis without possibility of verification.

Even more dubious than the certainty of this reasoning is its object. "Intelligence" at work in nature may be something very different from a personal God, as indeed it was in Greek thinking. The "God" of this rational process will never be the "Thou" of faith and revelation but at best only the construct or abstraction of human thought. It is the god of the scholars and philosophers, as Pascal has written, not the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. The suspicion remains that the God which Taylor ultimately devolves is adequate as it is only because Taylor himself dwells under the shadow of the Christian wing where, as a matter of historical fact, Theism has always thrived—or has wandered off to pantheism or speculative idealism.

In his lifetime Dr. Taylor has been recognized as a Christian philosopher in the finest sense of the term. Though probably not so important as his *Faith of a Moralist,* this book is perhaps most valuable and useful as a piece of Christian philosophy—an example of Christian meditation on design and the moral order. The truism can hardly be asserted too often in modern times that knowledge is not co-extensive with science: and Dr. Taylor's dismissal of "alleged and widely entertained 'scientific' objections to theism" may be very much in place. But as natural theology, in which area the author himself enters his work, the value of the book appears doubtful to this reviewer.

With respect to its avowed purpose, the little work would appear to be a feeble instrument for preparing the unregenerate for the experience of revelation. For the regenerate it would be another case of "holding a candle to the sun." It is regrettable if, as the jacket explains, Dr. Taylor was actually reduced to this for assurance of God's existence and goodness during the disquieting years of war. Having seen "face to face," to use the apostle's phrase in a different sense, one does not return for improved vision and reassurance to peer "through a glass darkly."

RICHARD LUECKE

## Immortality Reaffirmed

*THE AFFIRMATION OF IMMORTALITY.* By John Haynes Holmes. Macmillan Company, New York. 75 pages. $1.50.

THIS is the Ingersoll Lecture on the Immortality of Man for 1946, delivered at Harvard University by Dr. Holmes, pastor of the Community Church of New York. In a poetic, allusive manner Dr. Holmes defends the proposition that immortality is a "necessary element in any spiritual interpretation of reality."

The negative of Dr. Holmes' argument delivers the "spiritual" from scientific investigation, diverting the disconcertion of moderns over the fact that there is no laboratory test and resulting formula for immortality, and rescues belief in immortality from its unstudied reduction by H. L. Mencken and others to the "puerile egos of inferior men."

The positive side of the argument is more poetic than metaphysical. Mystic contact with spiritual reality is asserted as evidence of a metaphysic of spirit. But William James has exempted uninitiated moderns from the authority of this evidence. Dr. Holmes' concept of the "spiritual" is one in which individual souls are "God made manifest in time and place for the doing of his infinite Will," in which the "spirit which conceives Truth, Goodness, Beauty must itself be as eternal as the Truth, Goodness, Beauty which it conceives." The first assertion is manifestly unaware, if not patently contradictory, to God's unique, historic manifestation in time from which knowledge of immortality certainly derives; the second is an assertion of the separate, eternal being of abstractions which in Plato's thinking rested upon a radical separation of body and soul which, as the apostle learned on Areopagus, repudiates a resurrection of the body and the Christian view of immortality.

But least convincing is Dr. Holmes' appeal to Darwin and evolutionism for evidence of a design or purpose in nature leading through the twenty-six odd mechanistic stages of Ernst Haeckel toward the ultimate liberation of being, like Ariel, in the free spirit of man. "The more thoroughly the evolutionary process is understood, the more certain it becomes that the universe has been laboring to the production of a reality that will survive and fulfill itself." Passing over the daring assumption here as well as the very different conclusions to which evolutionism has brought other thinkers, it is left to assert only that to attempt to prove a theory by a theory is, to say the least, precarious practice and that to attempt to prove immortality by the theory of evolution is possibly to discredit the assurance of immortality which resides in a knowledge of the nature and end of man revealed in the doctrine of creation.

If immortality admits of philosophic proof it appears to this reviewer that Dr. Holmes has not demonstrated it. The negative side of his argument will perhaps be found useful by the Christian reader. The rest may be left to pass with the statement of James Martineau quot-

ed in the lecture: "We do not believe in immortality because we have proved it, but we forever try to prove it because we believe in it."

RICHARD LUECKE

## The Central Christ

*JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, TODAY AND FOREVER.* By John McNaugher. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. 1947. 219 pages. $2.50.

THE author of this popular treatment of important issues in Christology is emeritus president and professor of New Testament literature and exegesis in Pittsburgh-Xenia Theological Seminary. His little book is perhaps more significant as a delineation of orthodox positions regarding the person and work of Christ than as a "convincing argument for the reasonableness of belief in Jesus Christ."

Orthodox Christology is expounded in lively fashion in discussions of the deity and humanity of Christ, the virgin birth, the miracles, the atonement, the resurrection, the ascension, and the witnessing Spirit. In doing battle with conflicting positions old and new errorists are listed and the literature is cited if not expounded. Throughout is exhibited the imperative centrality of the Christ who *is* the Christian religion.

The author nowhere makes clear the role this "reasonableness" is to play in Christian psychology, either in persuading the heathen man or in reassuring the Christian. Dr. McNaugher insists strongly, for example, on a contemporary apologetic value of miracles; similarly the resurrection is viewed rather as the reason than as the result of the godhood of Jesus Christ. But important as they may be as a "means of proof," and here their checkered career in the history of Christian apologetics would be considered, miracles are never the *basis* of belief in Jesus Christ. The decision for or against Christ is not the "reasonable" decision between doctrinaire causality and miracle; it is a conscionable decision of faith in the miracle of a living Christ who places the beholder in the presence and reality of God. The complaint here is that the author has not sufficiently related the miracles of Christ to the central miracle of the Incarnation from which they derive their importance as well as their "reasonableness," that he has not included in his discussion of miracles the absolute Miracle of "God with us."

The genuine certainty of Christian belief, however, is abundantly clear to Dr. McNaugher. The supreme sign of the Atonement is vividly and trenchantly delivered in the heart of the book; and in the concluding chapter on the "Witnessing Spirit" the author displays "Christ enthroned as the cardinal certainty of faith, exciting trust that is impregnable." Herein rests the certainty of the Christian faith. And here resides its safeguard for the future.

Dr. McNaugher has been one of the ablest and most vigorous voices of the United Presbyterian Church in the past decades. Fifty-two years of academic life have dulled neither the discursive, moving style nor the en-

gaging thought of this Christian writer. Here is a father and a book which the Christian reader may confidently and profitably take to his heart.

RICHARD LUECKE

## Beloved Capitalist

*KNUDSEN.* By Norman Beasley. Whittlesey House, New York. 1947. 397 pages. $3.75.

IN FEBRUARY, 1900, Signius Wilhelm Poul Knudsen picked his way down the gangplank of *The Norge* and found shelter in the Lutheran Mission on New York's water front. The youth groped from job to job: janitor, boiler repairman and bicycle mechanic.

Through his work at the Keim bicycle factory in Buffalo, which furnished parts for Ford and finally was purchased by him, Knudsen left an imprint on Model T history. He tinkered with an improved crankcase; rearranged machinery so "the noses all faced in one direction," thus launching the assembly line; gathered up steel when World War I crimped the supply; and proposed a "baby bond" plan that eased Ford through a financial jam.

But the unbending wills of both Ford and Knudsen finally clashed. In 1922 Knudsen joined General Motors. He was president of the firm when President Roosevelt appointed him head of the Office of Production Management in 1940. When New Dealers grumbled over Knudsen (he and Sidney Hillman, who was assigned to keep labor in tow, were labeled the "Ellis Island Boys"), the President placed Knudsen beyond political finger-pointing by making him lieutenant general, United States Army.

Topping off the biography is a collection of Ben Franklin-like proverbs that were probably gleaned from the speeches Knudsen couldn't squirm out of delivering. Typical morsel is, "I feel that the future of a city depends upon the number of homes it has, rather than on the number of tenants."

From Mr. Knudsen's folksey ramblings we figure he would have done a cracker-jack job on an autobiography. Mr. Beasley doesn't measure up to his task. Mr. Beasley, furthermore, harbors surprisingly medieval notions about the labor movement and underwrites a purely economic conception of history. From Mr. Knudsen's charitable enterprises we are sure he stands less in awe of dollar bills and more in awe of God, hard work, and thrift, respectively.

But despite Mr. Beasley, the Great Dane emerges as a beloved capitalist, something rare in these days.

ROBERTA IHDE

## Angel's Fall

*THE LAST DAYS OF HITLER.* By H. R. Trevor-Roper. The Macmillan Co., New York. 1947. 254 pages. $3.00.

IN SEPTEMBER, 1945, the author, an officer of the British Intelligence Bureau, was ordered to make a full investigation of the last weeks of Hitler's life. In this book he reconstructs the story as he pieced it together from interviews with men who

were with Hitler in the last days, from documents, and from observations he himself made in Berlin. Marshal Tedder, in a foreword, pronounces Trevor-Roper's work "a piece of history which is as living as it is accurate, and as monumental as the scale of events he recalls."

In addition to reconstructing in detail what occurred in the unreal atmosphere of the *Fuehrerbunker,* fifty feet beneath the Chancellery in the heart of Berlin, and elsewhere, the author offers a character analysis of the chief actors in the bizarre drama, as an indispensable aid to an understanding of what took place. There is Goebbels, "prize-pupil of a Jesuit seminary," who "retained to the end the distinctive character of his education: he could always prove what he wanted"; Goehring, who fiddled while Rome burned; Himmler, *"der treue Heinrich,"* the narrow, fanatical crank whose defection broke the last straw of Hitler's hopes; the mole-like Bormann; Dr. Morrell, the charlatan who experimented on Hitler with patent medicines; and many other minor characters. And over all broods the strange, demonic personality of the Angel of Destruction, the man whose hypnotic power remained supreme to the last, even when he was a mental and physical wreck, living in an imaginary world. It is a fascinating and an enlightening story that Trevor-Roper tells, ending with the ritual suicide and Viking funeral of Hitler and Eva Braun and the efforts of the survivors to escape.

We noted a few inaccuracies. As is demonstrated on pages 10-16 of this month's CRESSET, it is not in keeping with the facts to say that Hitler "had no trouble from the churches" (p. 7). The statement that "on a mountain-top above Berchtesgaden he built a gazebo, the Kehlstein," mixes things up. The Kehlstein is the pinnacle of rock on which Todt built Hitler a structure, the Adlerhorst, which would hardly be called a gazebo.

## Does Anybody Know?

*MUSIC IN THE ROMANTIC ERA: A History of Musical Thought in the 19th Century.* By Alfred Einstein. W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., New York. 1947. 371 pages. Illustrated. $5.00.

ALFRED EINSTEIN is one of the most erudite musicologists of the present time. His learning is awe-inspiring. Nevertheless, Dr. Einstein, with all his digging and delving, is utterly unable to give a clear-cut definition of what romanticism in music actually is. It would be unjust to find fault with him for his failure to do so; for everyone who has tried to define romanticism with indisputable accuracy has failed. There is so much overlapping in the various eras of musical thought and expression that no man, however learned, is able to describe characteristics of one period without realizing that some of those same characteristics came to the fore in other periods.

The term "romantic" is convenient, but it leads to much confusion. For this reason your reviewer believes that Dr. Einstein would have served his purpose far better if he had made the subtitle, *A History of Musical Thought in the 19th Century,* the main title of his book.

The volume is crammed with invaluable information and logical conclusions. At the same time it contains statements which, when examined under the microscope, positively do not hold water. When, for example, Dr. Einstein declares that Robert Schumann's *Six Fugues on the Name BACH, for Organ or Pedal Piano, Op. 60* are romantic because they are "free, expressive, even capricious," he is making an assertion which most readers will not even think of questioning. But Dr. Einstein himself knows that even before the advent of the period usually designated as romantic there was much "free, expressive, even capricious" music. Logically speaking, then, that preromantic music was romantic even though it antedated the period of romanticism. There, as Shakespeare would say, is the rub. And it is rubs like this which induce some students of music to wish with all their hearts that the nebulous term "romantic" might soon be buried in the nethermost parts of the earth.

When Dr. Einstein states categorically that "the preference for the miniature" is a "peculiarity of the romantic era in music," he is guilty of another statement which, in the final analysis, is untenable. In all probability no one has ever presented cold statistics to disprove the author's conclusion; but even if the miniatures in the so-called romantic era actually outnumbered those of previous periods, the categorical pronouncement made by Dr. Einstein would be confusing.

One could enumerate many examples to show that characteristics mentioned and described in Dr. Einstein's book as belonging to romanticism cropped out and, in numerous instances, achieved widespread popularity long before the term "romanticism" began to cumber the musical earth.

In spite of all this the volume written by Dr. Einstein as a part of the *Norton History of Music* should be read and re-read by all those who are interested in the history of the tonal art as it flourished in the nineteenth century. Even though *Music in the Romantic Era* does not tell us precisely just what romanticism is and what it implies, it does contain a profuse wealth of information concerning music in its relation to the hearts, minds, souls, and surroundings of men, women, and children. The author declares that the book "is an attempt to characterize the Romantic movement through its center: music." Yes, it is an *attempt*. This reviewer believes that readers will do well if they think of the subtitle as the main title while studying the rich contents of Dr. Einstein's book. Some of them will doubtless shrug their shoulders now and then as they wrestle with this or that conclusion set forth by the learned author; but they will agree in the end that, on the whole, Dr. Einstein has given them an exciting account of the progress of musical thought in the nineteenth century. He has *not* provided a foolproof definition of romanticism. Can anyone do so?

# The READING ROOM

*By* THOMAS COATES

IN THE July issue of THE CRESSET, this column expressed its disappointment with a recent *Atlantic* article by the noted historian, Arnold J. Toynbee. We were gratified, therefore, a few weeks ago to receive a letter from a friend (we do not call him a friend, either, just because he reads this column—although that might be enough warrant, in all conscience), who suggested that we might have judged Toynbee a bit too harshly on the basis of this particular piece, and who drew our attention to several passages from the *Study of History* which indicate a more sympathetic approach to the Christian view of history on the part of the great English writer than we had previously conceded to him. At least two of these paragraphs are, we feel, worth quoting:

> And now, as we stand and gaze with our eyes fixed upon the farther shore, a single figure rises from the flood and straightway fills the whole horizon. There is the Savior; "and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand; he shall see of the travail of his soul and shall be satisfied" (Vol. VI, p. 278).
>
> The birth of which the angels then sang was not a rebirth of Hellas and not a new birth of other societies of the Hellenistic species. It was the birth in the flesh of the Kingdom of God (Vol. VI, p. 175).

Mr. Toynbee has a stimulating article, entitled "When Monsters Become Masters," in the August 16 issue of the *Saturday Review of Literature*. Citing the recent phenomenon of the rise of the Nazi hoodlums to the position of mastery over the literate and highly developed German nation, he argues that Western civilization has deteriorated in direct ratio to the progress of science and technology. This has made of modern man "a god in technology; an ape in life." And to this Toynbee adds the trenchant conclusion: "If this paradox is not to be man's epitaph, he must take it as a challenge from his Creator which he can no longer dare to leave unanswered."

## What About Japan?

THE observance of the second anniversary of V-J Day and of the American occupation of Japan under General MacArthur has naturally given rise to a spate of articles and editorial comments on the Japanese situation as of today, and on the progress of democracy in the conquered nation under the MacArthur regime. It is interesting to note that the reactions are proportionately 2-1 in favor of MacArthur and his administration.

In a comprehensive article entitled "New Liberties in Old Japan" in the August *Survey Graphic,* Roger Baldwin gives almost unqualified endorsement to our military occupation of Japan. The fact that Mr. Baldwin has for thirty years been director of the American Civil Liberties Union, and that his findings are based on a two-months' on-the-spot investigation of current Japanese conditions, lends more than ordinary weight to his article. Concerning General MacArthur he writes: "I have met few men in public life, much less in the army, with a more instant awareness of the broadest concepts of human liberty and an equal determination to apply them. His whole conduct of the occupation has forged a bond of understanding between him and the Japanese people unmatched between conqueror and conquered in all history."

This hardly jibes with the opinion of Robert B. Cochrane in an article in the September *Harper's,* entitled "MacArthur Era: Year Two." With that penchant for mudslinging which is so characteristic of the pseudo-liberals, Cochrane writes: "The Boss"—he cannot speak of MacArthur without a sneer—"has been known to comment to visitors on the fact that he's spent precious little time in America since 1935—which hardly qualifies him as an expert in American democracy." Having delivered himself of this clincher, Cochrane laments: "Now the Island Empire is at the nadir of its national strength. Fright walks the halls of GHQ, and starvation and confusion walk the streets of Tokyo and Osaka and Nagoya. If there is to be a recovery in Japan, it must proceed from this point. It has been all downhill travel since August 15, 1945. It cannot last many weeks longer. There must be dynamic leadership and intelligent administration." (We will be pardoned for observing that the "smear MacArthur" technique is part of the Communist party line.)

In diametric opposition to this negative reaction, Mr. Baldwin cites such substantial achievements as the adoption of the new, democratic constitution, the free-

dom of the trade unions, the decentralization of governmental power, the stripping of the *Zaibatsu* of their hereditary control, the spirit of cooperation rather than dictatorship which characterizes the occupation forces, abolition of the "thought control" laws, freedom of speech, press, and ballot-box, and the divesting of the Emperor's "divine" authority and status. Elsewhere Mr. Baldwin has stated: "Japan is an uplifting experience. It is a crusade."

Now, who is right—Cochrane or Baldwin? *Harper's* or *Survey Graphic?* The *Commonweal* for September 19th casts its lot in General MacArthur's favor. In "Democracy in Japan," Lafe Franklin Allen underscores the Baldwin arguments and points out the remarkable progress that the Japanese people—starting from scratch—have made during the past two years in the direction of democracy. In this regard, at least, he concludes, Japan did not lose the war.

## England Today

ENGLAND is not "merrie" today. Two wars and their dreadful aftermath have brought the once-proud empire to her knees. As a result, whether we like it or not, there seems to be little choice on the part of the United States as to whether or not we should help her. We simply cannot afford not to help her. The question, of course, remains as to how much responsibility for the present debacle is due to the socialistic government and its policies. In the *Commonweal* for September 12, J. L. Benvenisti, writing on "The Labor Government and Britain's Crisis," concedes that the Atlee government has made some mistakes, but that the present crisis was by no means of the Labor party's making, and that the previous coalition government had paved the way for most of the difficulties which the present regime has inherited. In any event, regardless of where the responsibility lies, the grim fact remains that Britain cannot survive without America's help.

The drabness and misery that is England's today is pointed up in a searching article by Ferdinand Kuhn, Jr. ("Make Do and Mend"), in the August *Survey Graphic.* The present austerity program is harder to bear than even the buzz bombs, for there remains today only the hardship and none of the exhilaration and *esprit de corps* of wartime that made the hardship easier to endure. Like Mr. Benvenisti, Mr. Kuhn likewise argues that the United States has no alternative but to help Britain in this crisis. "It is an American as well as a

British interest to see that the British do not have to tighten their belts again. Our own future, as well as theirs, depends on their recovery." It seems to us that by this time that should be evident even to a devotee of the *Chicago Tribune.*

## Shall We Have Conscription?

SOME of the best writing these days in the field of periodical literature has been found in the *Progressive,* the weekly paper issued by the La Follette organization. In the September 22 number Mr. Hanson W. Baldwin, the noted analyst of the *New York Times,* presents "The Case Against Conscription." He exposes the strong-arm pressure tactics being employed by the exponents of conscription, and puts his finger on the distortion and misrepresentations of fact to which they so often resort. While emphasizing the need of making and keeping America strong, Mr. Baldwin argues that the way to accomplish this is not by universal military training, but rather by development of our scientific resources, and by emphasis on air-sea strategy as opposed to mass army strategy.

Milton Mayer, writing in the same issue and driving home the same point as Mr. Hanson, albeit in a more histrionic manner, tears to shreds the army's recruiting slogan: "The Army builds men." What is especially notable about the Mayer article is the concluding paragraph:

"I suggest, and not humbly, that the substitute (for power) is Men, Men consecrated to the manly virtues of wisdom, temperance, fortitude, and justice. Such men, if they want to join the Army, may join the Army of the Lord. The rations are short, and the work hard, but it is Men's work and not beasts', and the eternal reward is said to be more enjoyable than $75 a month, or $250 to $500 a murder."

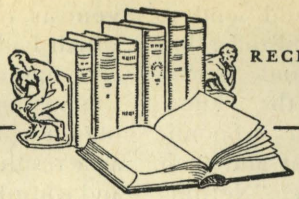
As this goes to press, the news comes that the *Progressive* is about to fold because of financial difficulties, unless early help is forthcoming. The demise of this courageous liberal journal would be a body blow to the cause of the American press. We hope that the *Progressive* will yet find the necessary backers.

## Potpourri

THE September *Atlantic* offers a number of stimulating articles. One that is particularly germane to the current problem of European relief is "American Technology for Starved Lands." Here the author, Robert Price Russell, argues that more substantial and permanent assistance could be afforded to the people

of Europe if we would send to them not merely foodstuffs, but trained technicians and agricultural experts with the "know how" to make their economic processes more efficient and their land more productive. "Nothing will do more to strengthen faith in democracy," he concludes, "than proofs of its efficacy in terms of the technology it has fostered, the standard of living it has developed, and the good life it has made possible."

In the same issue, Raymond Swing discusses "Unconditional Surrender." He traces the strange genesis of this fateful slogan, which had such a profound influence upon the entire course of the war. It originated at the Casablanca conference—not, however, as a result of careful deliberation and consultation with Mr. Churchill and the combined chiefs of staff, but simply through an impulsive remark "ad-libbed" by President Roosevelt at a press conference. Mr. Swing nevertheless justifies the use of the slogan and the policy which it inaugurated. The final verdict on this matter, however, must be left to the inexorable judgment of history.

A BRIEF GLANCE AT  RECENT PUBLICATIONS

# *A SURVEY OF BOOKS*

## PRESIDENTIAL MISSION

By Upton Sinclair. The Viking Press, New York. 1947. 645 pages. $3.50.

UPTON SINCLAIR fans no doubt are reading this book in which his favorite character Lanny Budd plays the leading role as secret agent for our late President in North Africa before the invasion and later in Germany. Lanny Budd is a wooden sort of chap who presents the author's peculiar political views. Anyone interested in a "lot of book" at a "bargain price" has it here. Others, more discriminating, will spend their money more wisely elsewhere.

## TREASON'S PEACE

*German Dyes and American Dupes.* By Howard Watson Ambruster. The Beechhurst Press, New York. 1947. 438 pages. $3.75.

SHALL Germany be permitted to rebuild and revivify her industries? In particular, shall *I. G. Farben (Interessen Gemeinschaft Farbenindustrie Aktiengesellschaft)* rise again? Howard Watson Ambruster, a distinguished chemical engineer, is convinced that *I. G. Farben,* "unlike the armies and governments of Germany, never dies and never surrenders, win, lose, or draw, in its perpetual war of world conquest." It was *I. G. Farben,* contends the author of *Treason's Peace,* which, by means of skill, cunning, alliances, and entanglements, strengthened the sinews of the Third Reich and lusted after world dominion. The book is painstakingly documented.

## INDIRECTIONS

*for those who want to write.* By Sidney Cox. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. 1947. 139 pages. $2.00.

THE title of this little book is well chosen, for Prof. Cox (Dartmouth) does not draw up systematic directions for writing but suggests indirectly, sometimes *very* indirectly, how one who wants to write a novel, a story, or a poem should go about writing and even living. It is not so much the mechanics of writing with which he deals as the psychology of it: how a writer comes by his mate-

rial, sifts it, molds it, and perhaps at last succeeds in having it come to life. The book is born out of intimate acquaintance with the subject and should appeal to those who are deeply serious about wanting to write and have tried to do so and who can also read thoughtfully, with enough independence of judgment to choose among the suggestions and counsels given.

## RADIO'S BEST PLAYS

By Joseph Liss, editor and compiler. Greenberg, publisher, New York. 1947. 383 pages. $3.00.

THIS is an interesting collection of radio plays, with an introduction by Norman Corwin. There are three groupings: Cycle from Fear to Fear; Plays with a Purpose; and Plays About People. The authors include Archibald MacLeish, Arthur Laurentz, Stephen Vincent Benet, Norman Corwin, John Faulk, Thomas Wolfe and Elizabeth Lomax. Among the plays are: The Last Inca; The Hitch-Hiker; Helen Keller; Fourth of July Picnic; The Face; and The Empty Noose.

## AMELIA EARHART, HEROINE OF THE SKIES

By Shannon Garst. Julian Messner, New York. 190 pages. $2.50.

THE story of the late Miss Earhart (Mrs. George Putnam), the famous aviatrix, told by an admirer. Based in part on Miss Earhart's two slight volumes and on her husband's *Soaring Wings* and on conversations with friends of the famous flier who disappeared in the Pacific on a round-the-world flight in 1937. The life story of this unique woman is told in a manner which will appeal to all those interested in the science of human flight. Illustrated with pen drawings. The price is too high.

## REPORT TO SAINT PETER

*upon the Kind of World in Which Hendrik Willem van Loon Spent the First Years of His Life.*

Written and illustrated by Hendrik Willem van Loon. Simon & Schuster, New York. 1947. XIV and 220 pages. $3.00.

ON MARCH 10, 1944, death stilled the voice of Hendrik Willem van Loon, one of the most colorful figures of the literary world of his time. During the last months of his life Dr. van Loon worked sporadically on what was to have been a long and detailed autobiography. Less than 200 pages of manuscript had been completed when a heart attack abruptly put an end to his labors. The title, *Report to Saint Peter,* grew out of a chance remark made by the famous writer's son. In the following words Dr. van Loon himself describes the scope and purpose of his volume of memoirs:

> In this book, I shall write just as the name implies. I shall write as if it were the report I meant to take with me when I have to go and see Saint Peter and when, instead of filling out those endless blanks he will hand me, I shall just say, "With your permission, Your Reverence or Your Excellency (or whatever you are supposed to say), here is everything you could ever possibly want to know about me."

Although *Report to Saint Peter* covers only the first twelve years of the author's life, it is thickly interlarded with typically van Loonish discourses on religion, philosophy, politics, music, art, and many other subjects. It has been said that in the last years of his life Dr. van Loon became an adherent of Unitarianism. This has in no way softened his cutting jibes at religion. *Report to Saint Peter* undoubtedly will have great sentimental value for those who admired the author of *The Arts, Van Loon's Lives,* and *The Story of Mankind.*

## THE HOLIDAY READER

Edited by Bernard Smith and Philip Van Doren Stern. Simon & Schuster, New York. 1947. 750 pages. $3.95.

THIS well-chosen collection of short stories, poetry, travel tales, and miscellaneous lore will make a welcome addition to your library. The editors tell us that the book is designed especially for holiday reading. "And holidays," they say, "are taken in all seasons and temperatures. We shall like to think of our book as a companion on many happy holidays, to all sorts of strange places and in all sorts of company." *The Holiday Reader* contains red meat as well as sweet trifles and engaging nonsense. It is entertaining, instructive, and amusing. There are seven parts: Stories; Humor; Travel, Exploration, and Nature; Mystery, Fantasy, and Murder; Poetry; Eating and Drinking; and Three Quizzes.

## TEN SECONDS

*that will change your life.*

By Hal Falvey. Wilcox & Follett Co., Chicago. 1946. 96 pages. $1.75.

QUITE a promise in that title! The author believes that he can teach people how to overcome life-sapping tensions due to worries, fears, frustrations, and other emotional habits. Though he makes excessive claims as regards, for instance, settled phobias, his approach in general is sane and sensible and could be of benefit to many.

There are, however, some expressions we do not like. If, by classifying "guilt-sensations" among things that should be simply put out of the mind, he means that consciousness of sin is uncalled-for, he teaches a false and evil doctrine. When he writes, "Since there is no such thing in this life as past or future—because the only time we live is *now*—the solution is simply to live now," he leaves the door open to interpretations that will do more harm than the nervous tensions he undertakes to cure.

## MENAGERIE IN F SHARP

By H. W. Heinsheimer. Doubleday & Company, Inc., Garden City, New York. 1947. 275 pages. $2.75.

THE jacket designed for *Menagerie in F Sharp* states that the book contains "the wise and witty memoirs of a music-hunting man." It would be necessary to search long and laboriously before hitting upon a more succinct and a more appropriate description of the volume. For fifteen years H. W. Heinsheimer was an

editor of the well-known *Universal Edition,* of Vienna, and head of its opera department. He learned the ins and outs of music publishing. It was a game and, at the same time, a business. Long-bearded Emil Hertzka, the master mind of the Universal Edition, was hailed by some composers and their friends as a Santa Claus; but the Universal Edition was by no means an organization for the dispensing of charity. Hertzka was a Santa Claus in nickname and in looks only.

Mr. Heinsheimer left Vienna because of the Nazis. At present he is editor and general manager of the firm of Boosey and Hawkes. His book is packed with information both funny and serious. There are anecdotes about composers, conductors, and musicians of many types. One learns how operas come to be written, scored, and produced. The chapter dealing with the "art" of writing music for the films produced in Hollywood is particularly engrossing. Everyone interested in the tonal art and its practitioners will derive pleasure and profit from *Menagerie in F Sharp.*

## PARIS

Photographs by Fritz Henle; Text by Elliot Paul. Ziff Davis Publishing Co., Chicago and New York. 1947. 113 pages. 9x12. $5.00.

SIXTY photographs, most of them full-page and some up to double-page in size, picture Paris as it was before the war. The scenes chosen are not the kind found on scenic postals, but rather such as give glimpses of the distinctive character of the city and its inhabitants: fishermen along the Seine; people watching a tame monkey perform in the street; scenes in the Halles, the central markets; women gossiping; life in the sidewalk *cafes;* a number of portraits representing what the Germans call *Charakterbilder,* character studies. The choice of material and the photography are masterful; the text serves well to fill in the background of the pictures and to sketch lights and shadows of the Paris that was and probably will be again, with its beauty and its ugliness, its poverty and its thrift, its *savoir-vivre* and its immorality.

## PICK YOUR VICTIM

By Pat McGerr. A Crime Club Selection. Doubleday & Co., Garden City, New York. 1947. 222 pages. $2.00.

THE "new angle" on the detective story of which the publisher's blurb boasts is that one of the soldiers in the Aleutians in 1944 gets the news of a murder on a newspaper wrapping around his Christmas box, just enough of which has been torn away to keep both victim and murderer shrouded in mystery. As the victim was an officer in the company for which this soldier had worked in civilian life it makes him curious. He sets about to solve the puzzle.— One of these days someone is going to write a simple straightforward detective yarn without any psychological blah-blah, and make a real hit with the American public.

## THE TOWER OF BABEL

By Elias Canetti. Translated from the German under the personal supervision of the author by C. V. Wedgewood. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. 1947. 427 pages. $3.50.

You will need patience and perseverance to plow through this long, dull, pretentious, and highly complex study of Professor Peter Kien's battle with the crude realities of life and living. *The Tower of Babel* was published originally in Vienna under the title *Die Blendung.*

## NEW LIFE OF MR. MARTIN

By Robert Briffault. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 1947. 436 pages. $3.00.

This book has been called a sort of modern "Count of Monte Cristo" —a misnomer than which we can think of nothing more inept. The only similarity between the hero, Mr. Martin, and Edmund Dantes is that both are fabulously rich. The latter was a friend and benefactor of the common man. The former, in the author's intention, is supposed to be the same. Actually he is a friend only of himself, catering to his own ambitions and lusts and enslaving his fellow creatures to gain those ends. The fantastic web the author weaves of the suicide of Anthony Whitford and the emergence of the mysterious Mr. Martin leave the reader bewildered and confused. The reader is also apt to wonder for what purpose the author holds up to view the worst vices of his characters. In spite of the fact that the book is published by as reputable a firm as Scribner's, it is disappointing. For a man of 71 years to write a book as degrading as this is disgusting.

## MAMA MARIA'S

By Ann Chidester. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 1947. 219 pages. $2.75.

Although Ann Chidester is still in her twenties, her exceptional talent has been widely recognized and enthusiastically acclaimed. *Mama Maria's,* Miss Chidester's fourth novel, will add substantially to the young author's enviable reputation. The direct and simple prose which distinguished *Young Pandora, No Longer Fugitive,* and *The Long Year* has acquired added force and luster.

## SING OF AMERICA

Edited by Tom Scott. Thomas Y. Crowell. $4.00.

One of the most delightful collections of American folk tunes your reviewer has been privileged to examine in recent years. While making no pretense at an exhaustive coverage, somehow the editor, Tom Scott, is able to give a remarkable picture of America's folk song heritage. The book is beautiful. It is made for use in the home, around the piano (there are piano accompaniments for all the songs), or before the fireplace with guitar or banjo accompaniment. One of the loveliest of all American carols, *Jesus Born in Bethlea,* is reproduced with its original tune and original words. You can't go wrong on this song book.

## WHISPERING HILL

By Martha Albrand. Random House, New York. 1947. 266 pages. $2.50.

THE fact that Martha Albrand is a gifted story-teller raises *Whispering Hill* a little above average, commonplace, slick-paper magazine fiction. But Miss Albrand's skill is not enough to offset a routine plot and shallow, pseudo-scientific probing into the inner forces which dominate characters fashioned over well-worn molds.

## UNLESS TWO BE AGREED

By Margaret Pedler. Robert M. McBride & Company, New York. 1947. 368 pages. $2.75.

HERE we have another stereotyped romantic novel from the prolific pen of Margaret Pedler. American readers will easily recognize the familiar pattern employed by the well-known English novelist over a long period of years. *Unless Two Be Agreed* is a standard Pedler product —no worse and no better than its numerous predecessors.

## BLUE ANGELS AND WHALES

By Robert Gibbings. E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York. 1946. 153 pages. $3.00.

HERE is a leisurely volume, subtitled, "A Record of Personal Experiences Below and Above Water," in which Robert Gibbings sets down his observations of life beneath the ocean waves. The personal experiences above water are primarily intended to set the stage for his highly interesting excursions along the ocean floor. Robert Gibbings takes us with him as he explores the lagoons of Tahiti and Bermuda and wanders about the deeps of the Red Sea. He supplies just enough scientific information and legendary sea lore to make an amateur feel at home. And he succeeds in creating a great deal of interest in the manifold life of the sea in even the most confirmed landlubber.

Life within the briny deep exemplifies the continual struggle for survival even more vividly than does life in the jungle or mountain wilderness. It is fully as ferocious and terrifying, cold-blooded and calculated, colorful and fascinating as any form of life on *terra firma*. The author has found the key to unlock these treasures and to spread them in dazzling array before anyone who will take the time to peruse these pages.

The book is profusely illustrated by the author. Many of the drawings were made under water. We have only one quarrel with them. After reading the accompanying text, we wish it had been possible to do them in color. *Blue Angels and Whales* is fine reading.

## JUST A MUTT

By Eldon Roark. Illustrated by Will Rannells. Whittlesey House, New York. 1947. 204 pages. $2.50.

THIS collection of true dog stories told in simple language will appeal to animal lovers young and old. The twoscore yarns, in which the chief character is almost always a "mutt," sketch things intelligent,

amusing, and foolish. Whether you read all or glance into merely a few of them—and no matter if you yourself favor pedigreed purebreds—these human interest bits of journalism will entertain.

Eldon Roark, columnist for the Memphis *Press-Scimitar*, knows and loves dogs. Representative captions indicate his informal style. Moochers, Treezorka, Hunger Strike, Musical Dogs, Hitchhikers, and Model Customer are singularly good; some, moreover, like the chapter on Bloodhounds, tell several different stories about Rough and Ready and about Old Joe. All the narratives reveal that there is no limit to the success the most humble little dog may achieve if he uses his brain and is alert to opportunities.

HERBERT H. UMBACH

## THE CONFESSIONS OF ZENO

By Italo Svevo. Translated by Beryl De Zoete. The Modern Readers Series. A New Directions Book. James Laughlin, New York. 1947. 412 pages. $3.50.

FIRST published in Italian, in Bologna, in 1923, Svevo's book is called "one of the authentic masterpieces of twentieth century world literature." The author, a business man in Trieste, named Ettore Schmitz, made the acquaintance of James Joyce who encouraged him to write. The result, among other works, was this book published under the pen-name, Italo Svevo. The English translation reads smoothly. The book has an eight page essay on Svevo by Renata Poggioli.

## DEVIL AT WESTEASE

By V. Sackville-West. Doubleday & Company, Garden City, N. Y. 1947. 219 pages. $2.50.

MISS SACKVILLE-WEST is an English author who has quite a number of books to her credit. It has been said of her that she "writes only because she wants to write and enjoys it." *Devil at Westease* is a murder mystery, not very scary or gruesome, clean and well-constructed, smooth-flowing and enjoyable for ordinary readers, possibly a bit bland for sophisticated mystery fans.

## MARSHALL: CITIZEN SOLDIER

By William Frye. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis and New York. 1947. 397 pages. $3.75.

THE subject of this biography is George Catlett Marshall, Jr., General of the United States Army, Chief of Staff, 1935 to 1945, President Truman's special envoy to China in 1946, and Secretary of State since the early part of this year. The biographer served as war correspondent and was on the London AP staff before joining troops in the final push across the Rhine. Though the book contains only few bibliographical references (mention is made of the biography of Mr. Marshall by his wife) the author has obviously had access to a wealth of source materials. A number of excellent illustrations enhance the text.

The biography is a warm and sympathetic account of the five-star General. Occasionally the author's praise approaches adulation or is irritatingly repetitious. If one's attention lags at times, this may be due

to the account of the progress of the last war which some of us still vividly remember and which sometimes takes up too much space. At times, too, especially in the first part of the book, the author's style is exceedingly tense and high-pitched and lacks that calm and tranquil grandeur which one looks for in a great biography. One sometimes feels that the author is intent on white-washing General Marshall. No need for that.

Nevertheless, the book is a fine contribution to the growing library of contemporary Americana. One hopes that Mr. Marshall will prove as outstanding a statesman as he was a soldier.

## MR. WHITTLE AND THE MORNING STAR

By Robert Nathan. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. 1947. 175 pages. $2.00.

IT WAS May 2, in the morning, when Robert Whittle, Professor of History at Caraway College, suddenly decided that the end of all things was at hand. "We are doomed," he told his astonished wife and his wide-eyed, twelve-year-old daughter. "We are doomed because we have learned the wrong things. We have learned to explode the atom, which is the stuff we are made of; but we have not learned to get along with each other. So we shall all explode together."

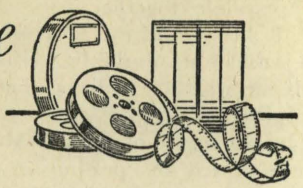
"Robert," said the professor's wife, "I wish you would be serious and tell me whether to have lamb chops or pork for supper."

In the course of the day Mr. Whittle repeated his pessimistic prophecy to his associates, friends, and pupils. His friends and associates thought he needed a vacation; his pupils decided that "he was just trying to be smart. All the profs like to say something they think is smart."

But the meek and mild-mannered professor was not in need of a vacation, and he was not "trying to be smart." He was serious. He was convinced of his destiny, and he saw no way to avoid it. How, then, should he prepare to meet the "vast explosion," the "one great white light" which would destroy mankind along with the entire history of humanity?

Long ago Mr. Whittle had stopped going to church because, as he said, "You could believe in history or in Divine Providence, but not in both." Now he found that this philosophy gave cold comfort in the face of what he believed was to come. In the end he turned to God. "He said it was not too late," the little professor whispered to his wife.

*Mr. Whittle and the Morning Star* is written with the charm and the delicacy we have come to associate with Mr. Nathan's prose and poetry.

# The  Motion Picture

THE CRESSET *evaluates one of the world's most powerful forces*

"THE films of a nation reflect its mentality in a more direct way than any other artistic media." This is the challenging theme which Dr. Siegfried Kracauer develops in an able and compelling manner in *From Caligari to Hitler: A Psychological History of the German Film* (Princeton University Press, Princeton, New Jersey. 1947. 374 pages. $5.00).

Dr. Kracauer advances two forceful arguments in support of his theory:

First, films are never the product of an individual. Since any film production unit embodies a mixture of heterogeneous interests and inclinations, teamwork in this field tends to exclude arbitrary handling of screen material, suppressing individual peculiarities in favor of traits common to many people.

Second, films address themselves, and appeal, to the anonymous multitude. Popular films—or, to be more precise—popular screen motifs—can therefore be supposed to satisfy existing mass desires.

The noted author continues:

What films reflect are not so much explicit credos as psychological dispositions. . . . It is my contention that through an analysis of the German films deep psychological dispositions predominant in Germany from 1918 to 1933 can be exposed—dispositions which influenced the course of events during that time and which will have to be reckoned with in the post-Hitler era.

Even though one may find Dr. Kracauer's prose a little heavy and his arguments and conclusions a trifle far-fetched, *From Caligari to Hitler* is an important addition to the literature devoted to the shadow stage. The inclusion of scenes from many of the outstanding films produced during the golden age of the German screen (1918-1924) and the addition of a supplement dealing with propaganda and the Nazi war film add to the value of the book.

Dr. Kracauer suggests that "the use of films as a medium of re-

search can profitably be extended to studies of current mass behavior in the United States and elsewhere." What a horrible thought that is! How would the eminent psychologist interpret the gangster films, fantasies, hardboiled detective yarns, pseudo-psychological dramas, and the flamboyant musical extravaganzas which clutter the nation's screens?

Hollywood is still preoccupied with fixations and frustrations. In *Possessed* (Warners, Curtis Bernhardt) Joan Crawford portrays the hapless victim of a persecution complex. She does her best, and Miss Crawford's best is very good indeed; but fine acting is not enough to compensate for a weak plot. *Possessed* is so crowded with fierce melodrama, frenzied hallucinations, exaggerated sound effects, and frenetic music that one instinctively looks for an empty cot in the psychopathic ward which receives Miss Crawford.

Hedy Lamarr suffers, too, in *Dishonored Lady* (United Artists, Robert Stevenson). Although she is rich, beautiful, and successful, Miss Lamarr is troubled and tormented because she just can't resist the men. Poor thing! An unsuccessful suicide attempt lands her in the office of a psychiatrist. You can take it from there, chum! A new life, a new love, a murder, a murder trial, and a too, too beautiful fadeout in which love conquers all! Who hasn't seen this tripe before?

*Ivy* (Universal-International, Sam Wood) presents a beautifully staged and well-acted screen version of Marie Belloc Lowndes' turn-of-the-century penny dreadful. In spite of these excellent qualities the film is unexciting. One grows weary of the vicious Ivy's ugly machinations.

One grows weary, too, of the pompous words which introduce many of today's films. For example, *The Unfaithful* (Warners, Vincent Sherman). This picture, we are told, has a message: it presents a plea for tolerance for, and understanding of, the problems which beset the lonely wives of the men who fought for home and country on far-flung battle-fronts. Our beautiful heroine had no financial worries. She lived in comfort which bordered on luxury. She had friends, books, and music. Apparently she was not unaware of the many, many phases of war work in which volunteers were warmly welcomed. But all this just wasn't enough for our beautiful heroine. Sheer loneliness drove her into another man's arms. Can anyone swallow this nauseous dose without retching? An honest attempt to depict in an honest manner the anguish, the fear, and the devouring loneliness which women all over the world experi-

enced and met with splendid fortitude during the war years would have made an appealing picture. *The Unfaithful* is just another shallow and pretentious melodrama.

World War II provides the theme for *The Guilt of Janet Ames* (Columbia, Harry Levin). This time it is Rosalind Russell, a war widow, who broods herself into a psychopathic decline. Miss Russell gives an excellent performance. Occasional lapses into sheer sentimentalism, and a storybook ending, weaken what might have been an outstanding film.

"There's no escaping the war." *The Woman on the Beach* (RKO-Radio, Jean Renoir) tells the story of the rehabilitation of a shell-shocked young ex-officer. Director Jean Renoir has created a dark and somber atmosphere for this turgid tale of mental conflict and stifled emotions. In addition, there is a large serving of pure Hollywood hokum. Joan Bennett again plays the role of a designing and unscrupulous woman—a role which is beginning to wear thin.

*Lost Honeymoon* (Eagle-Lion, Leigh Jason) is the utterly tasteless tale of an ex-GI who at one time suffered an attack of amnesia. Cheap comedy, poor acting, and a foolish plot relegate this film to the deepest recesses of the ashcan.

*Dear Ruth* (Paramount, William D. Russell) is the screen version of Norman Krasna's highly successful Broadway play. Insipid shenanigans of this type probably seemed more amusing in 1944 than they do today.

From Basin Street to Carnegie Hall is the theme of *New Orleans* (United Artists, Arthur Lubin). If you enjoy jazz at its loudest and jazziest, this is for you. Otherwise you may find the picture more than a little tiresome.

*I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now* (20th Century-Fox, Lloyd Bacon) presents a gay, colorful, and tuneful biography of Joe Howard, popular song writer of an earlier day. Pleasant but unexciting.

*Love and Learn* (Warners, Frederick De Cordova) is a dull and incredibly silly yarn about Tin Pan Alley.

Only one of the mad Marx brothers—Groucho—appears in *Copacabana* (United Artists, Alfred E. Green), an undistinguished but moderately amusing musical film.

*Cheyenne* (Warners, Raoul Walsh) is just another standard western.

## Centennial Choir

I shall remember how you sang tonight—
The very depths of heart and soul came up
To heights of glory never matched or known.
The sighing of the weary, sin-sore souls,
The wailing of the lost and wretched men,
The victor's cry, the joy of dawn,
The angels' choirs, the harps of God—
They all were there. The power of a faith
That won bright triumphs in the ages past—
The newer hope of other gains in years ahead—
The utter, deep abandon of the love of God
Transcending words but finding stirring life
In sound like all the choirs of heavenly hosts.
Keep soft your voices when you sing His love
And raise them strong to tell the power of Him.
Keep mild your eyes and lose your lower self
Into the higher realms these chords inspire.
Forget the world—its close, confining hold—
And open wide the windows of your singing soul
To let the marvel of His grace shine through
And bless the heedless, unmoved crowd
With stirrings of uneasiness, a deepened restlessness,
Because they know no love like this.
It is the sound of dreams, the color of the skies,
The murmur of the purple dusk, the glory
Of the shining stars and men with upward look
That you have caught. Preserve your good!
Hold fast with all your power this day and hour.
Another hundred years can pass and you
Shall never once again come quite so near
To being sure of Gospel truth and dying Love
And risen Hope and endless Life
As you are now and can be for the years ahead
Because you know and sing and love
What once were only dreams and longings
Unfulfilled, but now so real, that all my heart
Becomes a glowing gift upon the altar of my God.

(The Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod observed its 100th anniversary with many services and a great choral concert in Chicago. This is a tribute to the great Centennial Choir featured in these observances.)

# The Editor's Lamp

PROBLEMS

CONTRIBUTORS

FINAL NOTES

IN THE CRESSET for September attention was paid to the problem of India and to the significance of India's independence in the contemporary scene.

This month's main article discusses some hitherto neglected aspects of the Third Reich, positing the thesis that some of the chief opposition to Hitlerite National Socialism came from the churches, both Catholic and Evangelical.

The facts presented and the conclusions drawn from them are admittedly contrary to the usual interpretation given of the relationship between organized Christianity and German Fascism. Nor can it be denied that many Christians, laymen and clergymen, did muffle their witness in the face of the Gestapo.

We are sure, therefore, that readers of THE CRESSET will find "The Church against Hitler" enjoyable and profitable reading.

Erik W. Modean is with the publicity department of the National Lutheran Council in New York.

With this issue THE CRESSET rounds out ten years of service. What began as an act of faith has begun to bear fruit.

As we pointed out in the first issue of the current volume, a study of the post-war world convinces us that there is greater need for a journal like THE CRESSET than there was when it began its existence.

From every side questions are being put to the modern world which it cannot answer because it has lost the resources of profound conviction which gave it birth. Will it be possible for our age to develop a genuinely Christian culture in response to modern problems as the Fathers, the Schoolmen, the Humanists, and Reformers did in response to their world?

THE CRESSET pledges itself to continued quest, in the light of the best knowledge available and of the eternal truths of the Cross, for such a culture. Our thanks are due to all the members of the staff and to the many contributors of the past decade.

Since next month marks the thirtieth anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution, we shall feature that event in the November issue.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